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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes
of Great
Teachers

By Elbert Hubbard



M O S E S

Single Copies 10 cents. By the year \$1.00

Little Journeys for 1908

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

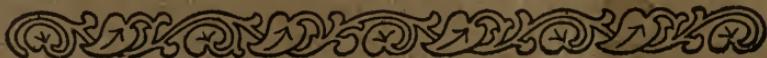
WILL BE TO THE HOMES OF

GREAT TEACHERS



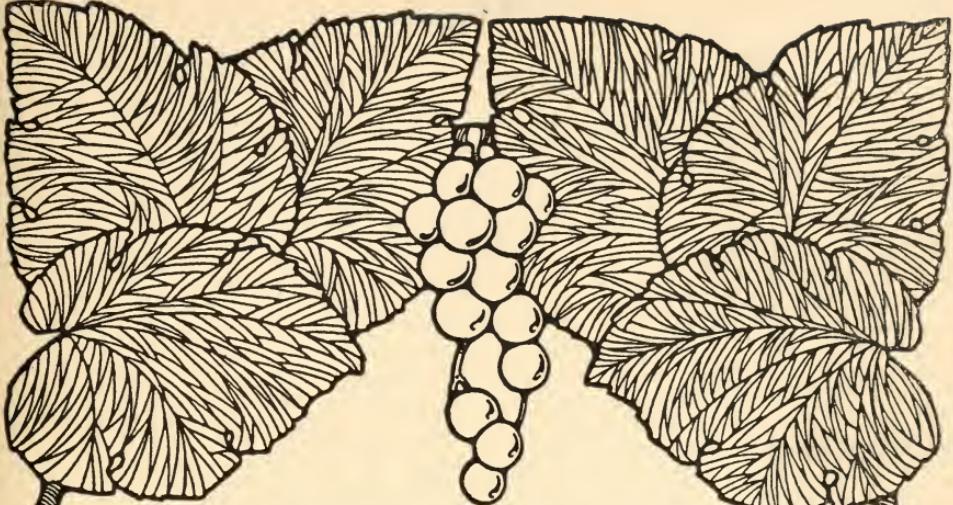
THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

Moses	Booker T. Washington
Confucius	Thomas Arnold
Pythagoras	Erasmus
Plato	Hypatia
King Alfred	St. Benedict
Friedrich Froebel	Mary Baker Eddy



SPECIAL: LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1908, THE PHILISTINE Magazine for One Year and a De Luxe Leather Bound ROYCROFT BOOK, all for Two Dollars.

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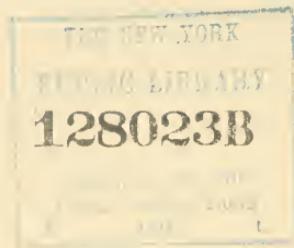


LITTLE JOURNEYS.

To the Homes of Great
Teachers

MOSES

Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into a Printed Book by
The Roycrofters at their
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Aurora, Erie County,
New York
MCMVIII



AND God said unto Moses: I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

And God said, moreover, unto Moses: Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your Fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.

—Exodus 3: 14, 15

LITTLE JOURNEYS



OSES was the world's first great teacher. He is still one of the world's great teachers. Seven million people yet look to his laws for special daily guidance, and over two hundred millions read his books and regard them as *Holy Writ*. And these people as a class are of the best and most enlightened who live now or who have ever lived.

Moses did not teach of a life after this—he gives no hint of immortality—all of his rewards and punishments refer to the present. If there is a heaven for the good and a hell for the bad, he did not know of them.

¶ The laws of Moses were designed for the *Now* and the *Here*. Many of them ring true and correct even to-day, after all this interval of over three thousand years. Moses had a good knowledge of physiology, hygiene, sanitation. He knew the advantages of cleanliness, order, harmony, industry and good habits. & He also knew psychology, or the science of the mind—he knew the things that influence humanity, the limits of the average intellect, the plans and methods of government that will work and those that will not.

He was practical. He did what was expedient. He considered the material with which he had to deal, and

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he did what he could and taught that which his people would and could believe. The Book of Genesis was plainly written for the child-mind.

The problem that confronted Moses was one of practical politics, not a question of philosophy or of absolute or final truth. The laws he put forth were for the guidance of the people to whom he gave them, and his precepts were such as they could assimilate.

It were easy to take the writings of Moses as they have come down to us, translated, re-translated, colored and tinted with the innocence, ignorance and superstition of the nations who have kept them alive for thirty-three centuries and then compile a list of the mistakes of the original writer. The writer of these records of dreams and hopes and guesses all cemented with stern common sense, has our profound reverence and regard. The "mistakes" lie in the minds of the people, who in the face of the accumulated knowledge of the centuries, have persisted that things once written were eternally sufficient.

In point of time there is no teacher within many hundred years following him, who can compare with him in originality and insight.

Moses lived fourteen hundred years before Christ. The next man after him to devise a complete code of conduct was Solon, who lived seven hundred years after. A little later came Zoroaster, then Confucius, Buddha, Lao-tsze, Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle,

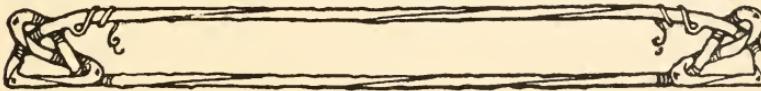
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—contemporaries, or closely following each other—
their philosophy woven and interwoven by all and each
and each by all.

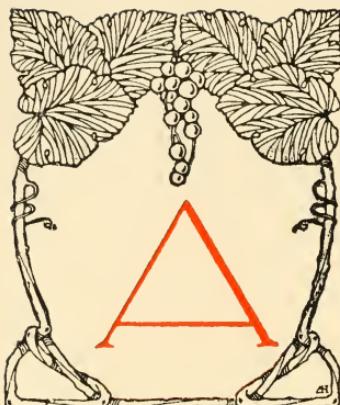
Moses, however, stands out alone. That he did not
know natural history as did Aristotle, who lived a
thousand years later, is not to his discredit, and to
emphasize the fact were irrelevant.

Back of it all lies the undisputed fact that Moses led a
barbaric people out of captivity and so impressed his
ideals and personality upon them that they endure as
a distinct and peculiar people, even unto this day. He
founded a nation. And chronologically he is the civil-
ized world's first author.

Moses was a soldier, a diplomat, an executive, a writer,
a teacher, a leader, a prophet, a stone-cutter. Beside all
these he was a farmer—a working man, one who when
forty years of age tended flocks and herds for a liveli-
hood. Every phase of the out-door life of the range was
familiar to him. And the greatness of the man is
revealed in the fact that his plans and aspirations were
so far beyond his achievements that at last he thought
he had failed. Exultant success seems to go with that
which is cheap and transient. All great teachers have
in their own minds, been failures—they saw so much
farther than they were able to travel.



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ALL ancient chronology falls easily into three general divisions: The fabulous, the legendary, and the probable or natural.

In the understanding of history, psychology is quite as necessary as philology.

To reject anything that has a flaw in it, is quite as bad as to have that excess of credulity which swallows every-

thing presented. ¶ It is not necessary to throw away the fabulous nor deny the legendary. But it is certainly not wise to construe the fabulous as the actual and maintain the legendary as literally true. Things may be true allegorically and false literally, and to be able to distinguish the one from the other and prize each in its proper place, is the mark of wisdom.

If, however, we were asked to describe the man Moses to a jury of sane, sensible, intelligent and unprejudiced men and women, and show why he is worthy of the remembrance of mankind, we would have to eliminate the fabulous, carefully weigh the traditional and rest our argument upon records that are fair, sensible and reasonably free from dispute.

The conclusions of professional retainers, committed before they begin their so-called investigations to a

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literal belief in the fabulous, should be accepted with great caution. For them to come to conclusions outside of that which they have been taught, is, not only to forfeit their social position, but to lose their actual means of livelihood &c. Perhaps the truth in the final summing up can best be gotten from those who have made no vows that they will not change their opinions, and have nothing to lose if they fail occasionally to gibe with the popular.

On a certain occasion after Colonel Ingersoll had delivered his famous lecture entitled, "Some Mistakes of Moses," he was entertained by a local club. At the meeting, which was of the usual informal kind known as "A Dutch Feed," a young lawyer made bold to address the great orator thus: "Colonel Ingersoll, you are a lover of freedom—with you the word liberty looms large. All great men love liberty, and no man lives in history, respected and revered, save as he has sought to make men free. Moses was a lover of liberty. Now, would n't it be gracious and generous in you to give Moses, who in some ways was in the same business as yourself, due credit as a liberator and law-giver and not emphasize his mistakes to the total exclusion of his virtues?"

Colonel Ingersoll listened—he was impressed by the fairness of the question &c. He listened, paused and replied, "Young man, you have asked a reasonable question, and all you suggest about the greatness of

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Moses, in spite of his mistakes, is well taken. The trouble in your logic lies in the fact that you do not understand my status in this case. You seem to forget that I am not the attorney for Moses. He has over two million men looking after his interests. I am retained on the other side!"

Like unto Colonel Ingersoll, I am not an attorney for Moses & I desire, however, to give a fair, clear and judicial account of the man. I will attempt to present a brief for the people, and neither prosecute nor defend. I will simply try to picture the man as he once existed, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice. As the original office of the State's Attorney was rather to protect the person at the bar, than to indict him, so will I try to bring out the best in Moses, rather than hold up his mistakes and raise a laugh by revealing his ignorance & Modesty, which is often egotism turned wrong side out, might here say, "Oh, Moses requires no defense at this late day!" But Moses, like all great men, has suffered at the hands of his friends. To this man has been attributed powers which no human being ever possessed.

Moses lived thirty-three hundred years ago & In one sense thirty-three centuries is a very long time. All is comparative—children regard a man of fifty as "awful old." I have seen several persons who have lived a hundred years, and they didn't consider a century long, "and thirty-five is n't anything," said one of

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them to me. ¶ Geologically, thirty-three centuries is only an hour ago. It does not nearly take us back to the time when men of the Stone Age hunted the hairy mammoth in what is now Nebraska, nor does thirty-three centuries give us any glimpse of the time when tropical animals, plants, and probably men, lived and flourished at the North Pole.

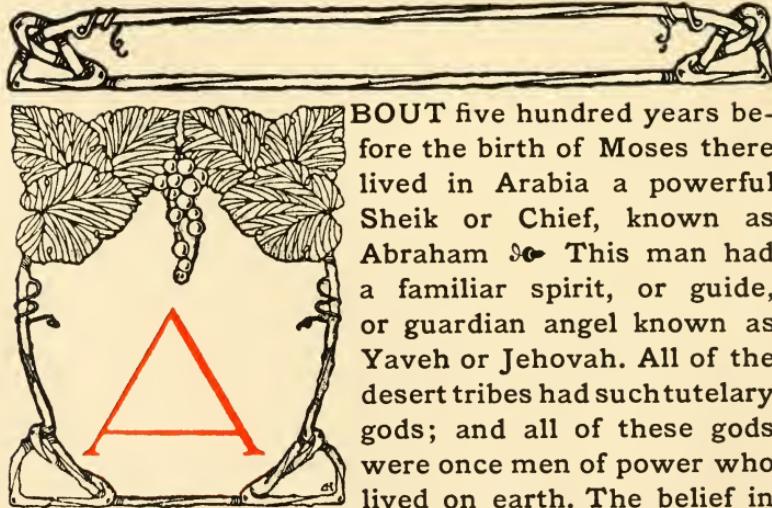
Egyptian civilization, at the time of Moses, was over three thousand years old. Egypt was then in the first stages of senility, entering upon her decline, for her best people had settled in the cities, and this completes the circle and spells deterioration ¶ She had passed through the savage, barbaric, nomadic and agricultural stages and was living on her unearned increment, a part of which was Israelitish labor. Moses looked at the Pyramids, which were built over a thousand years before his birth, and asked in wonder about who built them, very much as we do to-day. He listened for the Sphinx to answer, but she was silent, then as now. The date of the exodus has been fixed as having probably occurred in the reign of the "Pharaoh," Menepkah, or the nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty ¶ The date is, say, fourteen hundred years before Christ. An inscription has recently been found which seemed to show that Joseph settled in Egypt during the reign of Menepkah, but the best scholars now have gone back to the conclusions I have stated.

At the time of the Pharaohs, Egypt was the highest

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civilized country on earth. It had a vast system of canals, an organized army, a goodly degree of art, and there were engineers and builders of much ability. Philosophy, poetry and ethics were recognized, prized and discussed.

The storage of grain by the government to bank against famine had been practiced for several hundred years. There were also treasure cities built to guard against fire, thieves or the destruction by the elements. It will thus be seen that foresight, thrift, caution, wisdom played their parts. The Egyptians were not savages.



BOUT five hundred years before the birth of Moses there lived in Arabia a powerful Sheik or Chief, known as Abraham. This man had a familiar spirit, or guide, or guardian angel known as Yaveh or Jehovah. All of the desert tribes had such tutelary gods; and all of these gods were once men of power who lived on earth. The belief in special gods has often been held by very great men—Socrates looked to his "dæmon" for guidance; The-

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mistocles consulted his oracle; a President of the United States visited a clairvoyant, who consented to act as a medium and interpret the supernatural. This idea, which is a variant of ancestor worship, still survives and very many good people do not take journeys or make investments until they believe they are being dictated to by Shakespeare, Emerson, Beecher or Phillips Brooks. These people also believe that there are bad spirits to which we must not hearken.

Abraham was led by Jehovah; what Jehovah told him to do he did; when Jehovah told him to desist or change his plans, he obeyed. Jehovah promised him many things, and some of these promises were fulfilled.

Whether these tutelary gods or controlling spirits had any actual existence outside of the imagination of the people who believed in them—whether they were merely pictures thrown upon the screen by a subconscious spiritual stereopticon—is not the question now under discussion. Something must be left for a later time—the fact remains that special providences are yet relied upon by sincere and intelligent people. ¶ Abraham had a son named Isaac. And Isaac was the father of Jacob, or Israel, “the Soldier of God,” so-called on account of his successful wrestling with the angel. And Jacob was the father of twelve sons. All of these people believed in Jehovah, the god of their tribe; and while they did not disbelieve in the gods of the neighboring tribes, they yet doubted their power and

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had grave misgivings as to their honesty. Therefore, they had nothing to do with them, praying to their own god only and looking to him for support. They were the chosen people of Jehovah, just as the Babylonians were the chosen people of Baal, the Canaanites the chosen people of Ishitar; the Moabites the chosen people of Chemos; the Ammonites the chosen people of Rimmon.

Now Joseph was the favorite son of Jacob, and his brethren were naturally jealous of him. So one day out on the range they sold him into slavery to a passing caravan, and went home and told their father the boy was dead, having been killed by a wild beast. To make the matter plausible they took the coat of Joseph and smeared it with the blood of a goat which they had killed. Nowadays the coat would have been sent to a chemist's laboratory and the blood spots tested to see whether it was the blood of beast or human. But Jacob believed the story and mourned his son as dead. Now Joseph was taken to Egypt and there arose to a position of influence and power through his intelligence and diligence. How eventually his brethren, starving, came to him for food, there being a famine in their own land, is one of the most natural and beautiful stories in all literature. It is a folk-lore legend, free from the fabulous and has all the corroborating marks of the actual.

For us it is history undisputed, unrefuted, because it

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is so natural. It could all easily happen in various parts of the world even now. It shows the identical traits of human nature that are alive and pulsing to-day. ¶ Joseph having made himself known to his brethren, induced some of them and their neighbors to come down into Egypt, where the pasturage was better and the water more sure, and settle there. The Bible tells us that there were seventy of these settlers and gives us their names.

These emigrants called Israelites, or children of Israel, account for the presence of the enslaved people whom Moses led out of captivity three hundred years later. ¶ One thing seems quite sure, and that is that they were a peculiar people then, with the pride of the desert in their veins, for they stood socially aloof and did not mix with the Egyptians. They still had their own god and clung to their own ways and customs.

That very naive account in the first chapter of Exodus of how they had two midwives, "and the name of one was Shiphiah and the other Pinah," is as fine in its elusive exactitude as an Uncle Remus story. Children always want to know the names of people. These two Hebrew midwives were bribed by the King of Egypt—ruler over twenty million people—in person, to kill all the Hebrew boy babies. Then the account states that Jehovah was pleased with these Hebrew women who proved false to their sisters, and Pharaoh rewarded them by giving them houses.

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This order to kill the Hebrew children must have gone into execution, if at all, about the time of the birth of Moses, because Aaron the brother of Moses, and three years older, certainly was not killed.

Whether Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, his father an Israelite, or were both of his parents Israelites, is problematic. Royal families are not apt to adopt an unknown waif into the royal household and bring him up as their royal own, especially if this waif belongs to what is regarded as an inferior race. The tie of motherhood is the only one that could overrule caste and override prejudice. If the daughter of Pharaoh, or more properly "the Pharaoh," were the mother of Moses, she had a better reason for hiding him in the bulrushes than did the daughter of a Levite, for the order to kill these profitable workers is extremely doubtful. The strength, skill and ability of the Israelites formed a valuable acquisition to the Egyptians, and what they wanted was more Israelites, not fewer. Judging from the statement that there were only two midwives, there were only a few hundred Israelites—perhaps between one and two thousand, at most.

So leaving the legend of the childhood of Moses, with just enough mystery mixed in it to give it a perpetual piquancy, we learn that he was brought up an Egyptian, as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and that it was she who gave him his name.

Philo and Josephus give various side-lights on the life

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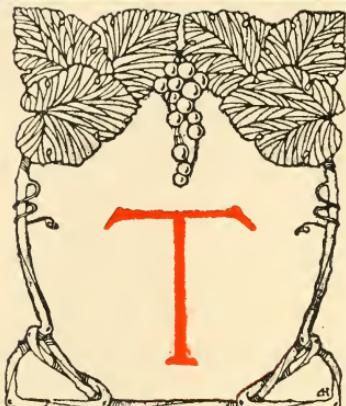
and character of Moses. The Midrash or Commentaries on the History of the Jews, composed, added to or modified by many men, extending over a period of twenty centuries, also add their weight, even though the value of these Commentaries be conjectural.

Egyptian accounts of Moses and the Israelites come to us through Hellenic sources, and very naturally are not complimentary. These picture Moses, or Osarsiph, as they call him as an agitator, an undesirable citizen, who sought to overturn the government and failing in this, fled to the desert with a few hundred outlaws. They managed to hold out against the forces sent to capture them, were gradually added to by other refugees and through the organizing genius of Moses were rounded into a strong tribe.

That Moses was their supreme ruler and that to better hold his people in check he devised a religious ritual for them, and impressed his god, Jehovah, upon them, to almost the exclusion of all other gods and thus formed them into a religious whole, is beyond question. No matter what the cause of the uprising, or who was to blame for it, the fact is undisputed that Moses led a revolt in Egypt and the people he carried with him in this exodus, formed the nucleus of the Hebrew Nation. And further, the fact is beyond dispute that the personality of Moses was the prime cementing factor in the making of the nation. The power, poise, patience and unwavering self-reliance of the man, through his

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✓ faith in the god, Jehovah, are all beyond dispute. Things happen because the man makes them.



HE position of the Israelites in Egypt was one of voluntary vassalage. The government was a feudal monarchy. The Israelites had come into Egypt of their own accord, but had never been admitted into the full rights of citizenship. This exclusion by the Egyptians had no doubt tended to fix the children of Israel in their religious beliefs,

and on the other hand, their proud and exclusive nature had tended to keep them from a full fellowship with the actual owners of the land.

The Egyptians never attempted to traffic in them as they did in slaves of war, being quite content to use them as clerks, laborers and servants, paying them a certain wage and also demanding an excess of labor in lieu of taxation. In other words they worked out their "road tax," which no doubt was excessive. Many years later Athens and also Rome had similar "slaves," some of whom were men of great intellect and worth.

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If one reads the works of modern economic prophets it will be seen that wage-workers in America are often referred to as "slaves" or "bondmen," terms which will probably give rise to confusion among historians to come.

Moses was brought up in the court of the King, and became versed in all the lore of the Egyptians. We are led to suppose that he also looked like an Egyptian, as we are told that people seeing him for the first time, and he being a stranger to them, went away and referred to him as "that Egyptian." He was handsome, commanding, silent by habit and slow of speech, strong as a counselor, a safe man ~~to~~. That he was a most valuable man in the conduct of Egyptian official affairs, there is no doubt. And although he was nominally an Egyptian, living with the Egyptians, adopting their manner and customs, yet his heart was with "his brethren," the Israelites, whom he saw were sore oppressed through governmental exploitation.

Moses knew that a government which does not exist for the purpose of adding to human happiness has no excuse for being. And once when he was down among his own people he saw an Egyptian taskmaster or foreman striking an Israelite workman, and in wrath he arose and killed the oppressor. The only persons who were witnesses to this transaction were two Hebrews. The second day after the fight, when Moses was attempting to separate two Hebrews who had

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gotten into an altercation with each other, they taunted him by saying, "Who gavest thee to be a ruler over us?—wilt thou also kill us as thou didst the Egyptian?" **Q**This gives us a little light upon the quality and characters of the people with whom Moses had to deal. It also shows that the ways of a reformer and peace-maker are not flower strewn. The worst enemies of a reformer are not the Egyptians—he has also to deal with the Israelites.

I once heard Terence V. Powderly, who organized the Knights of Labor,—the most successful labor organization ever formed,—say, "Any man who devotes his life to help laboring men will be destroyed by them." And then he added, "But this should not deter us from the effort to benefit."

As the Hebrew account plainly states that the killing of all the male Hebrew children was carried out with the connivance of Hebrew women, who pretended to be ministering to the Hebrew mothers, so was the flight of Moses from Egypt caused by the Hebrews who turned informants and brought him into disgrace with Pharaoh who sought his life.

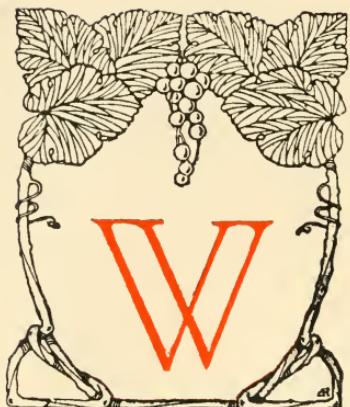
Very naturally, the Egyptians deny and have always denied, that the order to kill children was ever issued by a Pharaoh. They also point to the fact that the Israelites were a source of profit—a valuable asset to the Egyptians. And moreover, the proposition that the Egyptians killed the children to avoid trouble is

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preposterous, since no possible act that man can commit would so arouse sudden rebellion and fan into flame the embers of hate as the murder of the young. If the Egyptians had attempted to carry out any such savage cruelty, they would not only have had to fight the Israelitish men, but the outraged mothers as well. The Egyptians were far too wise to invite the fury of frenzied motherhood. To have done this would have destroyed the efficiency of the entire Hebrew population. An outraged and heartbroken people do not work. ¶ When one person becomes angry with another his mental processes work overtime making up a list of the other's faults and failings. ¶ When a people arise in revolt they straightway prepare an indictment against the government against which they revolted, giving a schedule of outrages, insults, plunderings and oppressions. This is what is politely called partisan history. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a literary indictment of the South by featuring its supposed brutalities. And the attitude of the South is mirrored in a pretty parable concerning a Southern girl who came North on a visit, and seeing in print the words "damned Yankee," innocently remarked that she always thought they were one word. A description of the enemy, made by a person or a people, must be taken *cum grano Syracuse*.



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HEN Moses fled after killing the Egyptian, he went Northward and East into the land of the Midianites, who were also descendants of Abraham. At this time he was forty years of age, and still unmarried, his work in the Egyptian Court having evidently fully absorbed his time.

It is a pretty little romance, all too brief in its details, of

how the tired man stopped at a well, and the seven daughters of Jethro came to draw water for their flocks. Certain shepherds came also and drove the girls away, when Moses, true to his nature, took the part of the young ladies to the chagrin and embarrassment of the male rustics who had left their manners at home. The story forms a melo-dramatic stage setting which the mummers have not been slow to use, representing the seven daughters as a ballet, the shepherds as a male chorus and Moses as basso-profundo and hero. We are told that the girls went home and told their father of the chivalrous stranger they had met, and he with all the deference of the desert, sent for him "that he might eat bread."

Very naturally Moses married one of the girls. And Moses tended the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-

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law, taking the herds a long distance, living with them and sleeping out under the stars.

Now Jethro was the chief of his tribe. Moses calls him a "priest," but he was a priest only incidentally, as all the Arab chiefs were.

The clergy originated in Egypt. Before the Israelites were in Goshen the "sacra" or sacred utensils belonged to the family; and the head of the tribe performed the religious rites, propitiating the family deity or else delegated some one else to do so. This head of the tribe or chief was called a "Cohen," and the man who assisted him, or whom he delegated was called a "Levi." The plan of making a business of being a "Levi" was borrowed from the Egyptians, who had men set apart, exclusively, to deal in the mysterious. Moses calls himself a Levi or Levite.

After the busy life he had led Moses could not settle down to the monotonous existence of a shepherd. It is probable that then he wrote the Book of Job, the world's first drama and the oldest book of the Bible. Moses was full of plans. Very naturally he prayed to the Israelitish god, and the god hearkened unto his prayer and talked to him.

The silence, the loneliness, the majesty of the mountains, the great stretches of shining sand, the long peaceful nights, all tend to hallucinations. Sheep-men are in constant danger of mental aberration. Society is needed quite as much as solitude.

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From talking with God, Moses desired to see Him. One day from the burning red of an acacia tree the Lord called to him, "Moses, Moses!"

And Moses answered, "Here am I!"

Moses was a man born to rule—he was a leader of men—and here at middle life the habits of twenty-five years were suddenly snapped and his occupation gone. He yearned for his people, and knowing their unhappy lot, his desire was to lead them out of captivity. He knew the wrongs the Egyptian government was visiting upon the Israelites. Rameses II. was a ruler with the builder's eczema: always and forever he made gardens, dug canals, paved roadways, constructed model tenements, planned palaces, erected colossi. He was a worker and he made everybody else work. It was in this management of infinite detail that Moses had been engaged; and while he entered into it with zest he knew that the hustling habit can be overdone and its votaries may become its victims—not only that, but this strenuous life may turn free men into serfs, and serfs into slaves.

And now Rameses was dead, and the proud, vain, fretful and selfish Meneptah ruled in his place. It was worse with the Israelites than ever!

The more Moses thought of it the more he was convinced that it was his duty to go back to Egypt and lead his people out of bondage. He himself, having been driven out, made the matter a burning one with

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him—he had lost his place in the Egyptian Court, but he would get it back and hold it under better conditions than ever before!

He heard the "Voice!" All strong people hear the Voice calling them. And hearkening to the Inner Voice is simply doing what you want to do.

"Moses, Moses!"

And Moses answered, "Lord, here am I."

✗ The laws of Moses still influence the world, but not even the orthodox Jews follow them literally. We bring our reason to bear upon the precepts of Moses, and those that are not for us we gently pass over. In fact the civil laws of most countries prohibit many of the things which Moses commanded. For instance, the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Certainly no Jewish lawyer nor Rabbi, in any part of the world advocates the killing of persons supposed to be witches. & We explain that in this instance the inspired writer lapsed and merely mirrored the ignorance of his time. & Or else we fall back upon the undoubted fact that various writers and translators have tampered with the original text—this must be so since the book written by Moses makes record of his death. ¶ But when we find passages in Moses requiring us to benefit our enemies, we say with truth that this was the first literature to express for us the brotherhood of man.

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“Thou shalt take no gift: for the gift blindesth the wise and perverteth the words of the righteous.” Here we get Twentieth Century Wisdom ~~so~~ And very many passages as fine and true can be found, which prove for us beyond cavil that Moses was right a part of the time, and to say this of any man living or dead, is a very great compliment.

In times of doubt the Jewish people turn to the Torah, or Book of the Law. This book has been interpreted by the Rabbis, or learned men, and to meet the exigencies of living under many conditions it has been changed, enlarged and augmented. In these changes the people were not consulted. Very naturally it was done secretly, for inspired men must be well dead before the many accept their edict ~~so~~ To be alive is always more or less of an offense, especially if you be a person and not a personage.

The murmurings against Moses during his lifetime often broke into a rumble and roar. The mob accused him of taking them out into the wilderness to perish. To get away from the constant bickering and criticisms of the little minds Moses used to go up into the mountains alone to find rest and there he communicated with his god.

It was surely a great step in advance when all the Elohims were combined into one Supreme Elohim that was everywhere present and ruled the world. Instead of dozens of little gods, jealous, jangling, fear-

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ful, fretful, fussy, boastful, changing walking sticks to serpents, or doing other things quite as useless,—it was a great advance to have one Supreme Being, dispassionate, a God of Love and Justice—“One who changeth not and in whom there is no shadow of turning.” This gradual ennobling of the conception of Divinity reveals the extent to which man is ennobling his own nature.

Up to within a very few years God had a rival in the Devil, but now the Devil lives only as a pleasantry. Until the time of Moses, the God of Sinai was only the God of the Hebrew people, and this accounts for His violence, wrath, jealousy and all of those qualities which went to make up a barbaric chief, including the tendency of His sons and servants to make love to the daughters of earth.

It is probable that the idea of God—in opposition to a god, one of many gods—was a thought that grew up very gradually in the mind of Moses. The ideal grew, and Moses grew with the ideal.

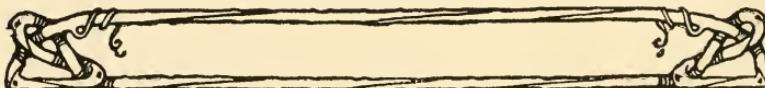
Then from God being a Spirit, to being Spirit is a natural, easy and beautiful evolution.

The thought of angels, devils, heavenly messengers, like Gabriel and the Holy Ghost, constantly surrounding the Throne, is a suggestion that comes from the court of the absolute monarch. The trinity is the oligarchy refined, and the one son who gives himself as a sacrifice for all the people who have offended the monarch

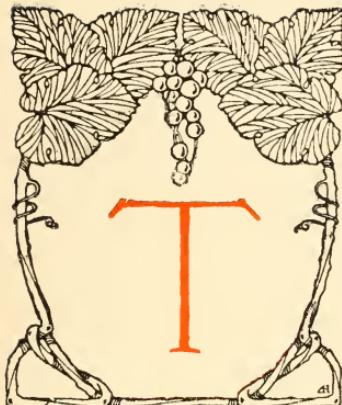
M O S E S

is the retreating vision of that night of ignorance when all nations sought to appease the wrath of their god by the death of human beings.

God to us is Spirit, realized everywhere in unfolding Nature. We are a part of Nature—we, too, are Spirit. When Moses commands his people that they must return the stray animal of their enemy to its rightful owner, we behold a great man struggling to benefit humanity by making them recognize the Laws of Spirit. We are all one family—we cannot afford to wrong or harm even an enemy. ¶ Instead of thousands of warring, jarring families or tribes, we have now a few strong federations of states, or counties which if they would make war on each other, would to-day quickly face a larger foe. Already the idea of one government for all the world is taking form—there must be one Supreme Arbitrator, and all this monstrous expense of money and flesh and blood and throbbing hearts for purposes of war, must go, just as we have sent to limbo the jangling, jarring, jealous gods. Also the better sentiment of the world will send the czars, emperors, grand dukes, kings, and the greedy-grafters of so-called democracy into the dust heap of oblivion, with all the priestly phantoms that have obscured the sun and blackened the sky. The gods have gone, but **MAN IS HERE.**



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HE plagues that befell the Egyptians were the natural ones to which Egypt was liable—drought, flood, flies, lice, frogs, disease &c. The Israelites very naturally declared that these things were sent as a punishment by the Israelitish god. I remember a farmer, in my childhood days, who was accounted by his neighbors as an infidel.

He was struck by lightning and instantly killed, while standing in his door-way. The Sunday before, this man had worked in the fields, and just before he was killed he had said, "dammit," or something quite as bad. Our preacher explained at length that this man's death was a "judgment." Afterward when our church was struck by lightning, it was regarded as an accident. Ignorant and superstitious people always attribute special things to special causes &c. When the grasshoppers overran Kansas in eighteen hundred and eighty-five, I heard a good man from the South say it was a punishment on the Kansans for encouraging Old John Brown. The next year the boll weevil ruined the cotton crop, and certain preachers in the North, who thought they knew, declared it was the lingering wrath of God on account of slavery.

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Three nations unite to form our present civilization. These are the Greek, the Roman and the Judaic. The lives of Perseus, Romulus and Moses all teem with the miraculous, but if we accept the supernatural in one we must in all. Which of these three great nations has contributed most to our well being is a question largely decided by temperament; but just now the star of Greece seems to be in the ascendant. We look to art for solace. Greece stands for art; Rome for conquest; Judea for religion.

And yet Moses was a lover of beauty, and the hold he had upon his people was quite as much through training them to work as through his moral teaching. Indeed, his morality was expediency—which is reason enough according to modern science. When he wants them to work, he says, “Thus saith the Lord,” just the same as when he wishes to impress upon them a thought. **¶** No one can read the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Exodus without being impressed with the fact that the man who wrote them had in him the spirit of the Master Workman—a King’s Craftsman. His carving the ten commandments on tablets of stone also shows his skill with mallet and chisel, a talent he had acquired in Egypt where Rameses II. had thousands of men engaged in sculpture and in making inscriptions in stone.

Several chapters in Exodus might have been penned by Albrecht Durer or William Morris. The command-

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ment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image" was unmistakably made merely to correct a local evil—the tendency to worship the image instead of the thing it symbolized. People who do not contribute to the creation of an object fall easy victims to this error. With all the stern good sense that Moses revealed it is but fair to assume that he did not mean for the command to be perpetual. It was only through so much moving about that the Jews seemed to lose their art spirit.

And certainly the flame of art in the Jewish heart has never died out, even though at times it has smouldered, for wherever there has been peace and security for the Jews, they have not been slow to evolve the talent which creates. History teems with the names of Jews who in music, painting, poetry and sculpture have devoted their days to beauty. And the germ of genius is seen in many of the Jewish children who attend the manual training and art schools of America.

Art has its rise in the sense of sublimity. It seems at times to be a fulfillment of the religious impulse. The religion which balks at work, stopping at prayer and contemplation, is a form of arrested development. ¶ The number of people in the exodus was probably two or three thousand. Renan says that one century only elapsed between the advent of Joseph in Egypt and the revolt. Very certain it was not a great number that went forth into the desert. ¶ A half million women

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could not have borrowed jewelry of their neighbors—the secret could not have been kept so. And in the negotiations between Moses and the King, it will be remembered that Moses only asked for the privilege of going three days' journey into the wilderness to make sacrifices. It was a kind of picnic or religious camp-meeting. A vast multitude could not have taken part in any such exercise.

We also hear of their singing their gratitude on account of reaching Elim where there were "twelve springs and seventy palm trees." Had there been several million people, as we have been told, the insignificant shade of seventy trees would have meant nothing to them. ¶ The distance from Goshen in Egypt to Canaan in Palestine was about one hundred and seventy-five miles. But by the circuitous route they traveled it was nearly a thousand miles. It took forty years to make the passage, for the way had to be fought through the country of foes who very naturally sought to block the way. Quick transportation was out of the question. The rate of speed was about twenty-five miles a year. ¶ Here was a people without homes, or fixed habitation, beset on every side with the natural dangers of the desert and compelled to face the fury of the inhabitants whose lands they overran, fearful, superstitious, haunted by hunger, danger and doubt. By night a man sent ahead with a lantern on a pole led the way; by day a cavalcade that raised a cloud of dust. One was

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later sung by the poets as a pillar of fire, and the other a cloud. Chance flocks of quails blown by a storm into their midst was regarded as a miracle; the white exuding wax of the manna plant was told of as "bread"—or more literally food.

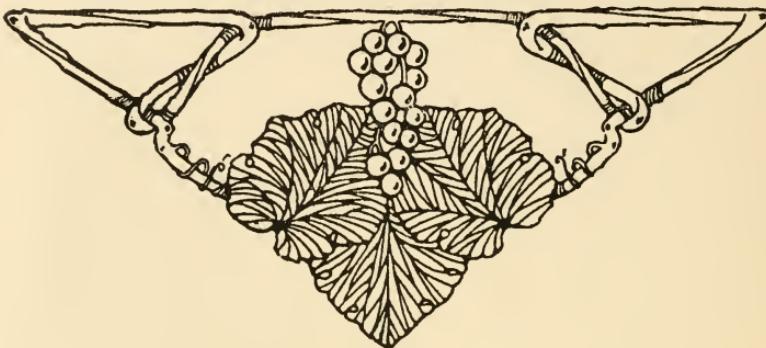
Those who had taken part in the original exodus were nearly all dead—their children and grandchildren survived, desert born and savage bred. Canaan was not the land flowing with milk and honey that had been described. Milk and honey are the results of labor applied to land. Moses knew this and tried to teach this great truth ~~so~~ He was true to his divine trust. Through doubt, hardship, poverty, misunderstanding he held high the ideal—they were going to a better place.

¶ At last, worn by his constant struggle, aged one hundred and twenty, "his eye not dim nor his natural force abated,"—for only those live long who live well—Moses went up into the mountain to find solace in solitude as was his custom. His people waited for him in vain—he did not return. Alone there with his God he slept and forgot to awaken. His pilgrimage was done. "And no man knoweth his grave even unto this day."

¶ History is very seldom recorded on the spot—certainly it was not then. Centuries followed before fact, tradition, song, legend and folk-lore were fused into the form we call Scripture. But out of the fog and mist of that far off past there looms in heroic outline the form and features of a man—a man of will, untiring

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activity, great hope, deep love, a faith which at times faltered but which never died. Moses was the first man in history who fought for human rights, and sought to make men free, even from their own limitations. "And there arose not a prophet since Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face."



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ings of the harvest. And
thou shalt not gather
every grape of thy vine-
yard: thou shalt leave
them for the poor and
stranger.—M O S E S

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of Great
Teachers

By Elbert Hubbard



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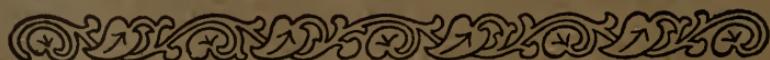
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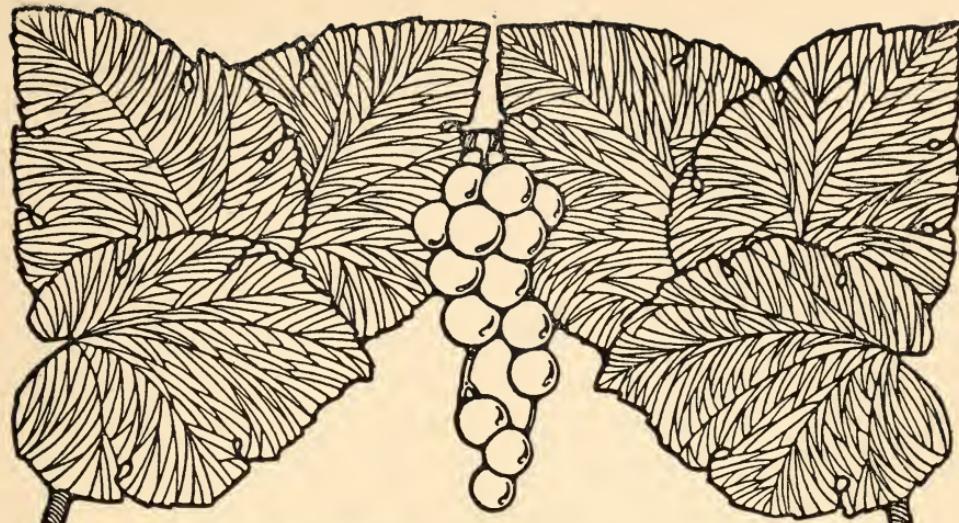
THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

Moses	Booker T. Washington
Confucius	Thomas Arnold
Pythagoras	Erasmus
Plato	Hypatia
King Alfred	St. Benedict
Friedrich Froebel	Mary Baker Eddy



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LITTLE JOURNEYS.

To the Homes of Great
Teachers

CONFUCIUS

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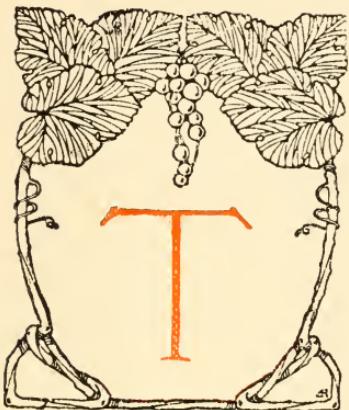


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THE highest study of all, is that which teaches us to develop those principles of purity and perfect virtue, which Heaven bestowed upon us at our birth, in order that we may acquire the power of influencing for good those amongst whom we are placed, by our precepts and example; a study without an end—for our labors cease only when we have become perfect—an unattainable goal, but one that we must not the less set before us from the very first. It is true that we shall not be able to reach it, but in our struggle toward it, we shall strengthen our characters and give stability to our ideas, so that whilst ever advancing calmly in the same direction, we shall be rendered capable of applying the faculties with which we have been gifted to the best possible account.

—“THE ANNALS” OF CONFUCIUS

LITTLE JOURNEYS



HE Chinese comprise one-fourth of the inhabitants of the earth ♦ There are four hundred million of them.

They can do many things which we can't, and we can do a few things which they haven't, but they are learning from us, and possibly we would do well to learn from them ♦ In China there are now trolley cars, telephone

lines, typewriters, cash registers and American plumbing. China is a giant awaking from sleep ♦ He who thinks that China is a country crumbling into ruins has failed to leave a call at the office and has overslept. ♦ The West cannot longer afford to ignore China. And not being able to waive her, perhaps the next best thing is to try to understand her.

The one name that looms large above any other name in China is Confucius. He of all men has influenced China most. One-third of the human race love and cherish his memory, and repeat his words as sacred writ ♦ ♦

Confucius was born at a time when one of those tidal waves of reason swept the world—when the nations were full of unrest, and the mountains of thought were shaken with discontent.

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It was just previous to the blossoming of Greece. Pericles was seventeen years old when Confucius died. Themistocles was preparing the way for Pericles; for then was being collected the treasure of Delos, which made Phidias and the Parthenon possible. During the life of Confucius lived Leonidas, Miltiades, Cyrus the Great, Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes &c. And then quite naturally occurred the battle of Marathon, Salamis and Thermopylæ. Then lived Buddha-Gautama, Lao-tsze, Ezekiel, Daniel, Haggai, Zachariah, Pythagoras, Pindar, Aeschylus and Anacreon.

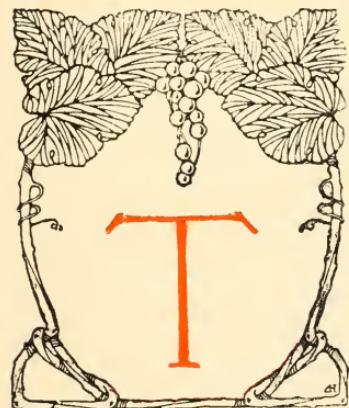
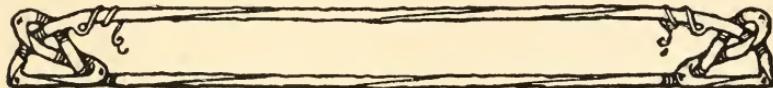
The Chinese are linked to the past by ties of language and custom beyond all other nations &c. They are a peculiar people, a chosen people, a people set apart. Just when they withdrew from the rest of mankind and abandoned their nomadic habits, making themselves secure against invasion by building a wall one hundred feet high, and settled down to lay the foundations of a vast empire, we do not know &c. Some historians have fixed the date about ten thousand years before Christ—let it go at that. And there is a reasonably well authenticated history of China that runs back twenty-five hundred years before Christ, while our history merges into mist seven hundred and fifty years B. C.

The Israelites wandered; the Chinese remained at home. Walls have this disadvantage—they keep people in as well as shutting the barbarians out. But now

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there are vast breaches in the wall, through which the inhabitants ooze, causing men from thousands of miles away to cry in alarm, "the Yellow Peril!" And also through these breaches Israelites, Englishmen and Yankees enter fearlessly, settle down in heathen China and do business.

It surely is an epoch, and what the end will be few there are who dare forecast.



HIS then from the pen of Edward Carpenter:

In the interior of China, along low lying plains and great river valleys, and by lake-sides, and far away up into hilly and even mountainous regions,

Behold! an immense population, rooted in the land, rooted in the clan and the family,

The most productive and stable on the whole Earth.

A garden one might say—a land of rich and recherche crops, of rice and tea and silk and sugar and cotton and oranges;

Do you see it?—stretching away endlessly over river-lines and lakes, and the gentle undulations of the low-lands, and up the escarpments of the higher hills;

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The innumerable patchwork of civilization—the poignant verdure of the young rice; the somber green of orange groves; the lines of tea shrubs, well hoed, and showing the bare earth beneath; the pollard mulberries; the plots of cotton and maize and wheat and yam and clover;

The little brown and green-tiled cottages with spreading recurved eaves, the clumps of feathery bamboo, or of sugar-canies;

The endless silver threads of irrigation canals and ditches, skirting the hills for scores and hundreds of miles, tier above tier, and serpentineing down to the lower slopes and plains—

The accumulated result, these, of centuries of ingenious industry, and innumerable public and private benefactions, continued from age to age;

The grand canal of the Delta plain extending, a thronged waterway, for seven hundred miles, with sails of junks and bankside villages innumerable;

The chain pumps, worked by buffaloes or men, for throwing the water up slopes and hillsides, from tier to tier, from channel to channel;

The endless rills and cascades, flowing down again, into pockets and hollows of verdure, and on fields of steep and plain;

The bits of rock and wild wood left here and there, with the angles of Buddhist or Jain temples projecting from among the trees;

The azalea and rhododendron bushes, and the wild deer and pheasants unharmed;

The sounds of music and the gong—the Sin-fa sung at eventide—and the air of contentment and peace pervading;

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A garden you might call the land, for its wealth of crops and flowers,

A town almost for its population.

A population denser, on a large scale, than anywhere else on earth—

Five or six acre holdings, elbowing each other, with lesser and larger, continuously over immense tracts, and running to plentiful market centers;

A country of few roads, but of innumerable footpaths and waterways.

Here, rooted in the land, and rooted in the family, each family clinging to its portion of ancestral earth, each offshoot of the family desiring nothing so much as to secure its own patrimonial field,

Each member of the family answerable primarily to the family assembly for his misdeeds or defalcations, ¶ All bound together in the common worship of ancestors, and in reverence for the past and its sanctioned beliefs and accumulated prejudices and superstitions; ¶ With many ancient wise simple customs and ordinances, coming down from remote centuries, and the time of Confucius,

This vast population abides—the most stable and the most productive in the world.

And government touches it but lightly—can touch it but lightly. ¶ With its few officials (only some twenty-five thousand for the whole of its four hundred millions), and its scanty taxation (about one dollar per head), and with the extensive administration of justice and affairs by the clan and the family—little scope is left for government. ¶ The great equalized mass population pursues its even and accustomed way, nor pays

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attention to edicts and foreign treaties, unless these commend themselves independently;
Pays readier respect, in such matters, to the edicts and utterances of its literary men, and the deliberations of the Academy.

And religious theorizing touches it but lightly—can touch it but lightly.

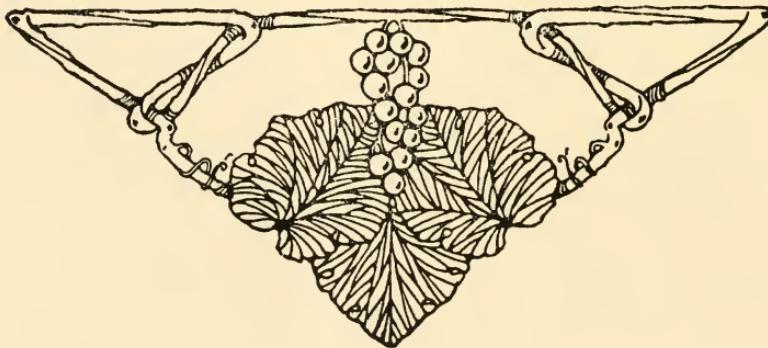
Established on the bedrock of actual life, and on the living unity and community of present, past, and future generations,

Each man stands bound already, and by the most powerful ties, to the social body — nor needs the dreams and promises of Heaven to reassure him.

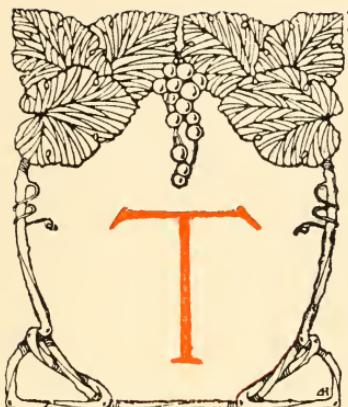
And all are bound to the Earth.

Rendering back to it as a sacred duty every atom that the Earth supplies to them (not insensately sending it in sewers to the sea),

By the way of abject commonsense they have sought the gates of Paradise—and to found on human soil their City Celestial!



CONFUCIUS



HE first general knowledge of Confucius came to the Western world in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century from Jesuit missionaries. Indeed, it was they who gave him the Latinized name of "Confucius," the Chinese name being Kung-Fu-tsze. So impressed were these missionaries by the greatness of Confucius that they urged

upon the Vatican the expediency of placing his name upon the calendar of Saints. They began by combating his teachings, but this they soon ceased to do, and the modicum of success which they obtained was through beginning each Christian service by the hymn which may properly be called the National Anthem of China. It's opening stanza is as follows :

Confucius! Confucius!
Great was our Confucius!
Before him there was no Confucius,
Since him there was no other,
Confucius! Confucius!
Great was our Confucius!

The praise given by these early Jesuits to Confucius was at first regarded at Rome as apology for the meagre success of their ministrations. But later sci-

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tific study of Chinese literature corroborated all that the Jesuit Fathers proclaimed for Confucius, and he stands to-day in a class with Socrates and the scant half dozen whom we call the Saviors of the world. ¶ Yet Confucius claimed no "divine revelation," nor did he seek to found a religion. ¶ He was simply a teacher, and what he taught was the science of living—living in the present, with the plain and simple men and women who made up the world, and bettering our condition by bettering theirs. ¶ Of a future life he said he knew nothing, and concerning the supernatural he was silent, even rebuking his disciples for trying to pry into the secrets of Heaven. ¶ The word "God" he does not use, but his recognition of a Supreme Intelligence is limited to the use of a word which can best be translated "Heaven," since it tokenes a place more than it does a person. ¶ Constantly he speaks of "doing the will of Heaven." And then he goes on to say that "Heaven is speaking through you," "Duty lies in mirroring Heaven in our acts," and many other such new thought aphorisms or epigrams.

That the man was a consummate literary stylist is beyond doubt. He spoke in parables and maxims, short, brief and musical. ¶ He wrote for his ear, and always his desire, it seems, was to convey the greatest truth in the fewest words. ¶ The Chinese, even the lowly and uneducated know hundreds of Confucian epigrams and still repeat them in their daily conver-

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sation or in writing, just as educated Englishmen use the Bible and Shakespeare for symbol.

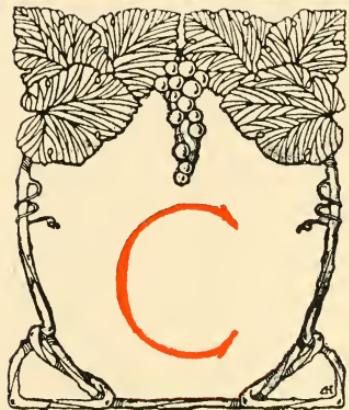
Minister Wu, in a lecture delivered in various American cities, compared Confucius with Emerson, showing how in many ways these two great prophets paralleled each other. ~~So~~ Emerson, of all Americans, seems the only man worthy of being so compared. **Q** The writer who lives is the man who supplies the world with portable wisdom,—short, sharp, pithy maxims which it can remember, or better still, which it cannot forget.

Confucius said, "Every truth has four corners: as a teacher I give you one corner, and it is for you to find the other three." **Q** The true artist in words or things is always more or less impressionistic—he talks in parables and it is for the hearer to discover the meaning for himself.

An epigram is truth in a capsule ~~So~~ The disadvantage of the epigram is the temptation it affords to good people to explain it to the others who are assumed to be too obtuse to comprehend it alone ~~So~~ And since explanations seldom explain, the result is a mixture or compound that has to be spewed utterly or taken on faith ~~So~~ Confucius is simple enough until he is explained. Then we evolve sects, denominations and men who make it their profession to render moral calculi opaque. China, being peopled by human beings, has suffered from this tendency to make truth con-

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crete just as all the rest of the world has. Truth is fluid and should be allowed to flow  Ankylosis of a fact is superstition  Confucius was a free-trader.



CHINA has always been essentially feudal in her form of government  China is made up of a large number of states, each presided over by a prince or governor, and these states are held together by a rather loose federal government, the Emperor being the supreme ruler  State rights prevail.

State may fight with state, or states may secede—it is n't of much moment. They are glad enough, after a few years, to get back, like boys who run away from home, or farm hands who quit work in a tantrum. The Chinese are very patient—they know that time cures all things, a truth the West has not yet learned  States that rebel, like individuals who place themselves beyond the protection of all, assume grave responsibilities.

The local prince usually realizes the bearing of the Social Contract—that he holds his office only during

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good behavior, and that his welfare and the welfare of his people are one.

Heih, the father of Confucius, was governor of one of these little states, and had impoverished himself in an effort to help his people. Heih was a man of seventy, wedded to a girl of seventeen, when their gifted son was born. When the boy was three years old the father died, and the lad's care and education depended entirely on the mother. This mother seems to have been a woman of rare mental and spiritual worth. She deliberately chose a life of poverty and honest toil for herself and child, rather than allow herself to be cared for by rich kinsmen. The boy was brought up in a village, and he was not allowed to think himself any better than the other village children, save as he proved himself so. He worked in the garden, tended the cattle and goats, mended the pathways, brought wood and water and waited on his elders. Every evening his mother used to tell him of the feats of strength of his father, of his heroic qualities in friendship, of deeds of valor, of fidelity to trusts, of his absolute truthfulness and his desire for knowledge in order that he might better serve his people.

The coarse, plain fare, the long walks across the fields, the climbing of trees, the stooping to pull the weeds in the garden, the daily bath in the brook, all combined to develop the boy's body to a splendid degree. He went to bed at sundown, and at the first

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flush of dawn was up that he might see the sunrise. There were devotional rites performed by the mother and son, morning and evening, which consisted in the playing upon a lute and singing or chanting the beauty and beneficence of creation.

Confucius, at fifteen, was regarded as a phenomenal musician, and the neighbors used to gather to hear him perform. At nineteen he was larger, stronger, comelier, more skilled than any youth of his age in all the country round.

The simple quality of his duties as a prince can be guessed when we are told that his work as keeper of the herds required him to ride long distances on horseback to settle difficulties between rival herders. The range belonged to the state, and the owners of goats, sheep and cattle were in continual controversies. Montana and Colorado will understand this matter. Confucius summoned the disputants and talked to them long about the absurdity of quarreling and the necessity of getting together in complete understanding. Then it was that he first put forth his best known maxim: "You should not do to others that which you would not have others do to you."

This negative statement of the Golden Rule is found expressed in various ways in the writings of Confucius. A literal interpretation of the Chinese language is quite impossible, as the Chinese have single signs or symbols that express a complete idea. To state

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the same matter, we often use a whole page ~~so~~ Confucius had a single word which expressed the Golden Rule in such a poetic way that it is almost useless to try to convey it to people of the West. This word which has been written into English as "Shu," means: my heart responds to yours, or my heart's desire is to meet your heart's desire, or I wish to do to you even as I would be done by ~~so~~ This sign, symbol or word Confucius used to carve in the bark of trees by the roadside ~~so~~ The French were filled with a like impulse when they cut the words Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, over the entrances to all public buildings.

Confucius had his symbol of love and friendship painted on a board, which he stuck into the ground before the tent where he lodged, and finally it was worked upon a flag by some friends and presented to him, and became his flag of peace.

His success in keeping down strife among the herders, and making peace among his people, soon gave him a fame beyond the borders of his own state ~~so~~ As a judge he had the power to show both parties where they were wrong, and arranged for them a common meeting ground.

His qualifications as an arbiter were not limited to his powers of persuasion—he could shoot an arrow farther and hurl a spear with more accuracy than any man he ever met. Very naturally there are a great

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number of folk-lore stories concerning his prowess, some of which make him out a sort of combination St. George and William Tell, with the added kingly graces of Alfred the Great &c Omitting the incredible, we are willing to believe that this man had a giant's strength, but was great enough not to use it like a giant.

We are willing to believe that when attacked by robbers, he engaged them in conversation, and that seated on the grass he convinced them they were in a bad business. Also he did not later hang them as did our old friend Julius Cæsar under like conditions.

When twenty-seven he ceased going abroad to hold court and settle quarrels, but sending for the disputants, they came, and he gave them a course of lectures in ethics &c In a week, by a daily lesson of an hour's length, they were usually convinced that to quarrel is very foolish since it reduces bodily vigor, scatters the mind and disturbs the secretions, so the man is the loser in many ways.

This seems to us like a very queer way to hold court, but Confucius maintained that men should learn to govern their tempers, do equity, and thus be able to settle their own disputes, and this without violence. "To fight decides who is the stronger, the younger and the most skillful in the use of arms, but it does not decide who is right &c That is to be settled by the Heaven in your own heart."

To let the Heaven into your heart, to cultivate a con-

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science so sensitive that it can conceive the rights of the other man, is to know wisdom.

To decide specific cases for others he thought was to cause them to lose the power of deciding for themselves. When asked what a just man should do when he was dealing with one absolutely unjust, he said, "He who wrongs himself sows in his own heart nettles."

And when some of his disciples, after the Socratic method, asked him how this helped the injured man, he replied, "To be robbed or wronged is nothing unless you continue to remember it." When pushed still further, he said, "A man should only fight when he does so to protect himself or his family from bodily harm."

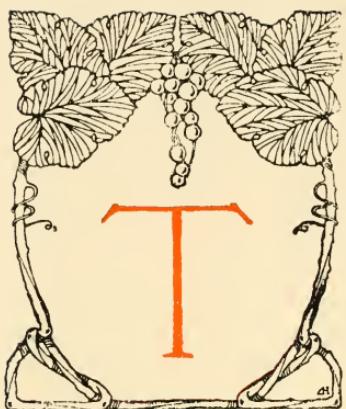
Here a questioner asked, "If we are to protect our persons, must we not learn to fight?"

And the answer comes, "The just man, he who partakes moderately of all good things, is the only man to fear in a quarrel, for he is without fear."

Over and over is the injunction in varying phrase, "Abolish fear—abolish fear!" When pressed to give in one word the secret of a happy life, he gives a word which we translate, "Equanimity."



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HE mother of Confucius died during his early manhood. For her he ever retained the most devout memories. Before going on a journey he always visited her grave, and on returning, before he spoke to any one, he did the same. On each anniversary of her death he ate no food and was not to be seen by his pupils. This filial piety, which is

sometimes crudely and coarsely called "ancestor worship," is something which for the Western world is rather difficult to appreciate. But in it there is a subtle, spiritual significance, suggesting that it is only through our parents that we are able to realize consciousness or personal contact with Heaven. These parents loved us into being, cared for us with infinite patience in infancy, taught us in youth, watched with high hope our budding manhood, and as reward and recognition for the service rendered us, the least we can do is to remember them in all our prayers and devotions. The will of Heaven used these parents for us, therefore parenthood is divine.

That this ancestor worship is beautiful and beneficial is quite apparent, and rightly understood no one could think of it as "heathendom." Confucius used to

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chant the praises of his mother, who brought him up in poverty, thus giving a close and intimate knowledge of a thousand things from which princes, used to ease and luxury, are barred.

So close was he to Nature and the plain people that he ordered that all skillful charioteers in his employ should belong to the nobility. This giving a title or degree to men of skill—men who can do things—we regard as essentially a modern idea.

China, I believe, is the first country in the world to use the threads of a moth or worm for fabrics &c. The patience and care and inventive skill required in first making silk were very great. But it gives us an index to invention when we hear that Confucius regarded the making of linen, using the fibre of a plant, as a greater feat than utilizing the strands made by the silk-worm. Confucius had a sort of tender sentiment toward the moth, similar to the sentiments which our vegetarian friends have toward killing animals for food. Confucius wore linen in preference to silk for sentimental reasons &c. The silkworm dies at his task of making himself a cocoon, so to evolve in a winged joy, but falls a victim of man's cupidity &c. Likewise Confucius would not drink milk from a cow after her calf was weaned, because to do so were taking an unfair advantage of the maternal instincts of the cow. It will thus be seen that Confucius had a very fair hold on the modern idea which we call "Monism" or "The

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One." He, too, said: "All is one." In his attitude toward all living things he was ever gentle and considerate *

No other prophet so much resembles Confucius in doctrine as Socrates. But Confucius does not suffer from the comparison. He had a beauty, dignity and grace of person which the great Athenian did not possess. Socrates was more or less of a buffoon, and to many in Athens he was a huge joke—a town fool. Confucius combined the learning and graces of Plato with the sturdy, practical commonsense of Socrates. No one ever affronted or insulted him; many did not understand him, but he met prince or pauper on terms of equality *

In his travels Confucius used often to meet recluses or monks—men who had fled the world in order to become saints. For these men Confucius had more pity than respect. "The world's work is difficult, and to live in a world of living, striving and dying men and women requires great courage and great love. Now we cannot all run away, and for some to flee from humanity and to find solace in solitude is only another name for weakness." ¶ This sounds singularly like our Ralph Waldo who says, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

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Confucius is the first man in point of time to proclaim the divinity of service, the brotherhood of man, and the truth that in useful work there is no high or low degree. In talking to a group of young men he says, "When I was keeper of the herds I always saw to it that all of my cattle were strong, healthy and growing, that there was water in abundance and plenty of feed. When I had charge of the public granaries I never slept until I knew that all was secure and cared for against the weather, and my accounts as true and correct as if I were going on my long journey to return no more." My advice is to slight nothing, forget nothing, never leave things to chance, nor say, 'Nobody will know—this is good enough.' "

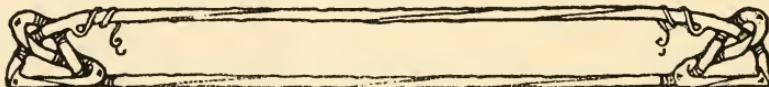
In all of his injunctions Confucius never has anything in mind beyond the present life. Of a future existence he knows nothing, and he seems to regard it as a waste of energy and a sign of weakness to live in two worlds at a time. "Heaven provides us means of knowing all about what is best here, and supplies us in abundance every material thing for present happiness, and it is our business to realize, to know, to enjoy."

He taught rhetoric, mathematics, economics, the science of government and natural history. And always and forever running through the fabric of his teaching was the silken thread of ethics—man's duty to man, man's duty to Heaven. Music was to him a necessity, since "it brings the mind in right accord

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with the will of Heaven." Before he began to speak he played softly on a stringed instrument which perhaps would compare best with our guitar, but it was much smaller, and this instrument he always carried with him, suspended from his shoulder by a silken sash. Yet with all of his passion for music, he cautioned his disciples against using it as an end. It was merely valuable as an introduction to be used in attuning the mind and heart to an understanding of great truth. ¶ Confucius was seventy-two years old at his death. During his life his popularity was not great. When he passed away his followers numbered only about three thousand persons, and his "disciples," or the teachers who taught his philosophy, being seventy. ¶ There is no reason to suppose that Confucius assumed that a vast number of people would ever ponder his words or regard him as a prophet.

At the time that Confucius lived also lived Lao-tsze. As a youth Confucius visited Lao-tsze, who was then an old man. Confucius often quotes his great contemporary and calls himself a follower of Lao-tsze. The difference, however, between the men is marked. Lao-tsze's teachings are full of metaphysics and strange and mystical curiosities, while Confucius is always simple, lucid and practical.



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CONFUCIUS has been revered for twenty centuries, revered simply as a man, not as a god or a divinely appointed savior. He offered no reward of heaven, nor did he threaten non-believers with hell. He claimed no special influence nor relationship to the Unseen. In all his teachings he was singularly open, frank and free from all mystery or concealment.

In reference to the supernatural he was an agnostic. He often said, "I do not know." He was always an inquirer, always a student, always open to conviction. History affords no instance of another individual who has been so well and so long loved, who still holds his place, and who, so far as his reasoning went, is unassailed and unassailable. Even the two other great religions in China that rival Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism—the religion of Lao-tsze—do not renounce Confucius: they merely seek to amend and augment him.

During his lifetime Confucius made many enemies by his habit of frankly pointing out the foibles of society and the wrongs visited upon the people by officials who pretended to serve them. For hypocrisy, selfishness, vanity, pretense, he was severe in his denunciation.

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¶ Politicians at that time had the very modern habit of securing the office, and then leaving all the details of the work to menials, they themselves pocketing the perquisites &c. As Minister of State, Confucius made himself both feared and detested on account of his habit of summoning the head of the office before him and questioning him concerning his duties. In fact this insistence that those paid by the state should work for the state caused a combination to be formed against him, which finally brought about his deposition and exile, two things which troubled him but little, since one gave him leisure and the other opportunity for travel.

¶ The personal followers of Confucius did not belong to the best society, but immediately after his death, many who during his life had scorned the man made haste to profess his philosophy and decorate their houses with his maxims. Humanity is about the same, whether white or yellow, the round world over, and time modifies it but little. It will be recalled how John P. Altgeld was feared and hated by both press and pulpit, especially in the state and city he served. But rigor mortis had scarcely seized upon that slight and tired body, before the newspapers that had disparaged the man worst, were vying with each other in glowing eulogies and warm testimonials to his honesty, sincerity, purity of motive and deep insight. A personality which can neither be bribed, bought, coerced, flattered nor cajoled is always regarded by the many—especially

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by the party in power—as “dangerous.” Vice, masked as virtue, breathes easier when the honest man is safely under the sod.

The plain and simple style of Confucius’ teaching can be gathered by the following sayings, selected at random:

The men of old spoke little &c. It would be well to imitate them, for those who talk much are sure to say something it would be better to have left unsaid.

Let a man’s labor be proportioned to his needs &c. For he who works beyond his strength does but add to his cares and disappointments. A man should be moderate even in his efforts.

Be not over anxious to obtain relaxation or repose. For he who is so, will get neither.

Beware of ever doing that which you are likely, sooner or later, to repent of having done.

Do not neglect to rectify an evil because it may seem small, for, though small at first, it may continue to grow until it overwhelms you.

As riches adorn a house, so does an expanded mind adorn and tranquilize the body &c. Hence it is that the superior man will seek to establish his motives on correct principles.

The cultivator of the soil may have his fill of good things, but the cultivator of the mind will enjoy a continual feast.

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It is because men are prone to be partial toward those they love, unjust toward those they hate, servile toward those above them, arrogant to those below them, and either harsh or over-indulgent to those in poverty and distress, that it is so difficult to find any one capable of exercising a sound judgment with respect to the qualities of others.

He who is incapable of regulating his own family, cannot be capable of ruling a nation. The superior man will find within the limits of his own home, a sufficient sphere for the exercise of all those principles upon which good government depends. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when filial piety, is that which should regulate the conduct of a people toward their prince; fraternal affection, that which should regulate the relations which should exist between equals, and the conduct of inferiors toward those above them; and paternal kindness, that which should regulate the bearing of those in authority, toward those over whom they are placed?

Be slow in speech, but prompt in action.

He whose principles are thoroughly established, will not be easily led from the right path.

The cautious are generally to be found on the right side *

By speaking when we ought to keep silence, we waste our words.

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If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly.

Make friends with the upright, intelligent and wise; avoid the licentious, talkative and vain.

Disputation often breeds hatred.

Nourish good principles with the same care that a mother would bestow on her new-born babe. You may not be able to bring them to maturity, but you will nevertheless be not far from doing so.

The decrees of Heaven are not immutable, for though a throne may be gained by virtue, it may be lost by vice.

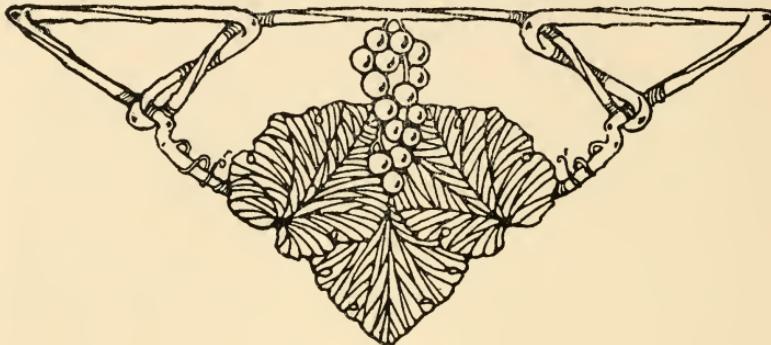
There are five good principles of action to be adopted: To benefit others without being lavish; to encourage labor without being harsh; to add to your resources without being covetous; to be dignified without being supercilious; and to inspire awe without being austere. Also we should not search for love or demand it, but so live that it will flow to us.

Personal character can only be established on fixed principles, for if the mind be allowed to be agitated by violent emotions, to be excited by fear, or unduly moved by the love of pleasure, it will be impossible for it to be made perfect. A man must reason calmly, for without reason he would look and not see, listen and not hear.

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There is no use attempting to help those who cannot help themselves.

When a man has been helped around one corner of a square, and cannot manage by himself to get around the other three, he is unworthy of further assistance.



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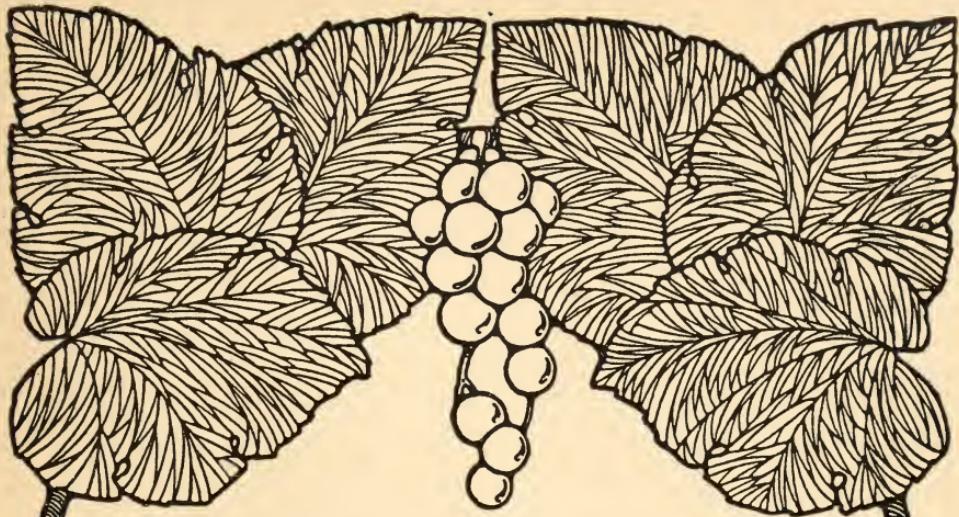
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Confucius	Thomas Arnold
Pythagoras	Erasmus
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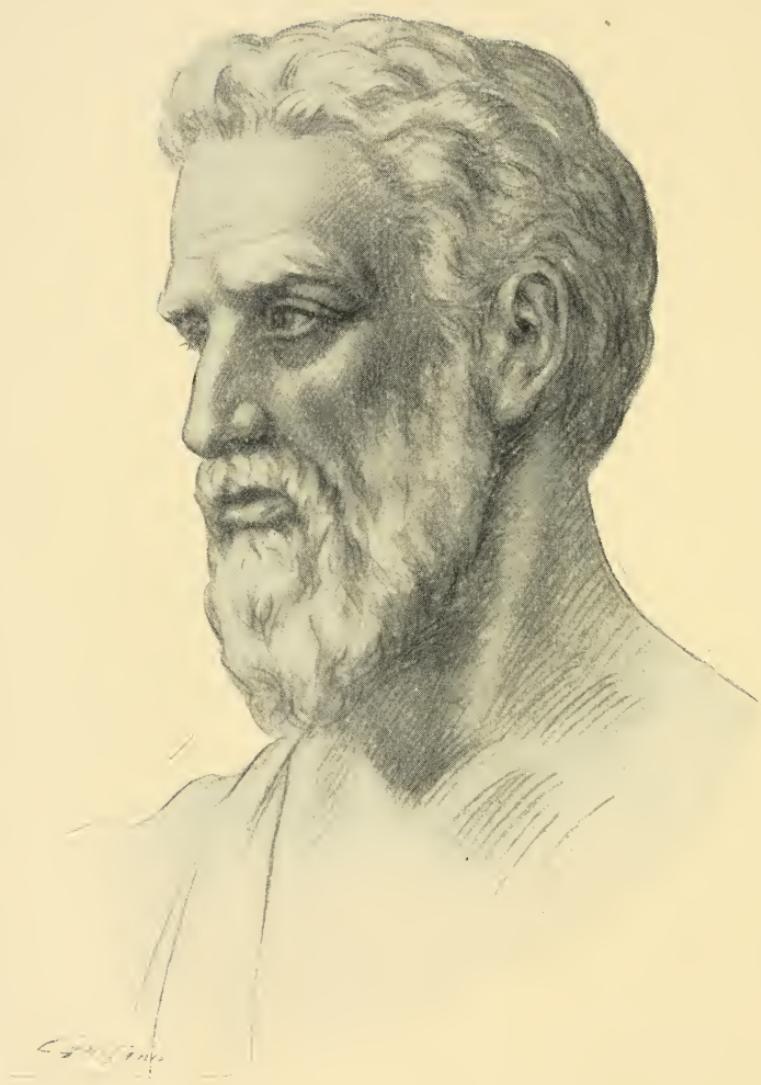
PYTHAGORAS

CONSULT and deliberate before thou act, that thou mayst not commit foolish actions.

For 'tis the part of a miserable man to speak and to act without reflection.

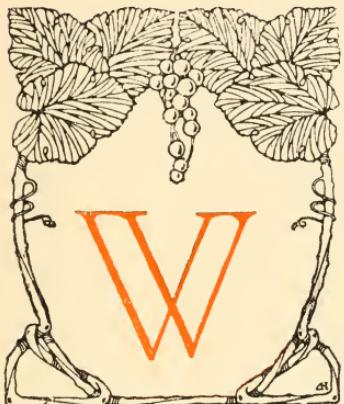
But do that which will not afflict thee afterwards, nor oblige thee to repentance.

—PYTHAGORAS



P Y T H A G O R A S

LITTLE JOURNEYS



ITH no desire to deprive Mr. Bok of his bread, I wish to call attention to Pythagoras, who lived a little over five hundred years before Christ.

¶ Even at that time the world was old & Memphis, which was built four thousand years ago, had begun to crumble into ruins. Troy was buried deep in the dust which an American citizen of German

birth, was to remove & Ninevah and Babylon were dying the death that success always brings, and the star of empire was preparing to westward wend its way.

¶ Pythagoras ushered in the Golden Age of Greece. All of the great writers, whom he immediately preceded, quote him, and refer to him. Some admire him; others are loftily critical; most of them are a little jealous; and a few use him as a horrible example, calling him a poseur, a pedant, a learned sleight-of-hand man, a bag of books.

Trial by newspaper was not invented in the time of Pythagoras; but personal vilification has been popular since Balaam talked gossip with his vis-a-vis.

Anaxagoras, who gave up his wealth to the state that he might be free, and who was the teacher of Pericles, was a pupil of Pythagoras, and used often to mention

PYTHAGORAS

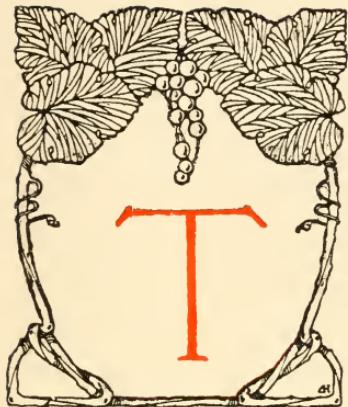
him. In this way Pericles was impressed by the Pythagorean philosophy, and very often quotes it in his speeches. Socrates gives Pythagoras as an authority on the simple life, and stated that he was willing to follow him in anything save his injunction to keep silence. Socrates wanted silence optional, whereas Pythagoras required each of his pupils to live for a year without once asking a question or making an explanation. In aggravated cases he made the limit five years.

In many ways Pythagoras reminds us of our friend Muldoon, both being beneficent autocrats, and both proving their sincerity by taking their own medicine. Pythagoras said, "I will never ask another to do what I have not done, and am willing to do myself."

To this end, he was once challenged by his three hundred pupils to remain silent for a year. He accepted the defi, not once defending himself from the criticisms and accusations that were rained upon him, not once complaining, nor issuing an order. Tradition has it, however, that he made averages good later on, when the year of expiation was ended.

There are two reasonably complete lives of Pythagoras, one by Diogenes Laertius, and another by Iamblichus. Personally, I prefer the latter, as Iamblichus, as might be inferred from his name, makes Pythagoras a descendant of Anæus, who was a son of Neptune. This is surely better than the abrupt and somewhat sensational statement to the effect that his father was Apollo.

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HE birthplace of Pythagoras was Samos, an isle of Greece. He was born of wealthy but honest parents, who were much in love with each other, a requisite, says Pythagoras, for parentage on its highest plane. It is probable that Pythagoras was absolutely correct in his hypothesis. That he was a very noble specimen of manhood—

physically and mentally there is no doubt. He was tall, lithe, dignified, commanding and silent by nature, realizing fully that a handsome man can never talk as well as he looks.

He was quite aware of his physical graces, and in following up the facts of his early life, he makes the statement that his father was a sea-captain and trader. He then incidentally adds that the best results are obtained for posterity, where a man is absent from his family eleven months in the year. This is an axiom agreed upon by many modern philosophers, few of whom, however, live up to their ideals. Aristophanes, who was on friendly terms with some of the disciples of Pythagoras, suggested in one of his plays that the Pythagorean domestic time limit should be increased at least a month for the good of all concerned.

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Plato, Xenophon and Aristotle make frequent references to Pythagoras. In order to impress men like these the man must have taught a very exalted philosophy. In truth, Pythagoras was a teacher of teachers. And like all men who make a business of wisdom he sometimes came tardy off, and indulged in a welter of words that wrecked the original idea—if there were one.

There are these three—Knowledge, Learning, Wisdom. And the world has until very recent times assumed that they were practically one and the same thing.

¶ Knowledge consists of the things we know, not the things we believe or the things we assume. Knowledge is a personal matter of intuition, confirmed by experience. ¶ Learning consists largely of the things we memorize and are told by persons or books. Tomlinson of Berkeley Square was a learned man. When we think of a learned man, we picture him as one seated in a library surrounded by tomes that top the shelves.

Wisdom is the distilled essence of what we have learned from experience. It is that which helps us to live, work, love and make life more worth living for all we meet. Men may be very learned, and still be far from wise.

Pythagoras was one of those strange beings who are born with a desire to know, and who finally comprehending the secret of the Sphinx, that there is really nothing to say, insist on saying it. ¶ That is, vast learning is augmented by a structure of words, and on

PYTHAGORAS

this is built a theogony. Practically he was a priest. Worked into all priestly philosophies are nuggets of wisdom that shine like stars in the darkness and lead men on and on.

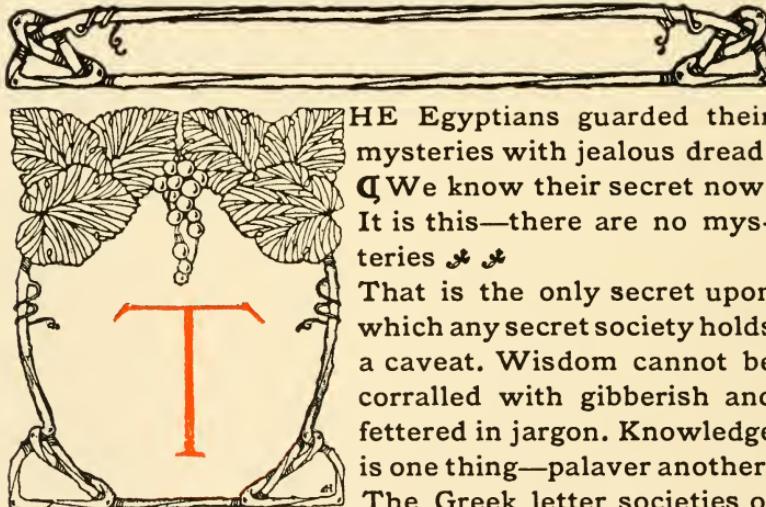
All great religions have these periods of sanity, otherwise they would have no followers at all. The followers understanding little bits of this and that, hope finally to understand it all. Inwardly the initiates at the shrine of their own conscience know that they know nothing. When they teach others they are obliged to pretend that they, themselves, fully comprehend the import of what they are saying. The novitiate attributes his lack of perception to his own stupidity, and many great teachers encourage this view. "Be patient and you shall some day know," they say, and smile frigidly.

And when credulity threatens to balk and go no further, magic comes to the rescue and the domain of Hermann and Kellar is poached upon.

Mystery and miracle were born in Egypt. It was there that a system was evolved, backed up by the ruler, of religious fraud so colossal that modern deception looks like the bungling efforts of an amateur. The government, the army, the taxing power of the state were sworn to protect gigantic safes in which was hoarded —nothing. That is to say, nothing but the pretence, upon which cupidity and self-hypnotized credulity battened and fattened.

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All institutions which through mummery, strange acts, dress and ritual, affect to know and impart the inmost secrets of creation and ultimate destiny, had their rise in Egypt. In Egypt now are only graves, tombs, necropoles and silence. The priests there need no soldiery to keep their secrets safe. Ammon-Ra who once ruled the universe, being finally exorcised by Yaveh, is now as dead as the mummies who once were men and upheld his undisputed sway.



HE Egyptians guarded their mysteries with jealous dread. ¶ We know their secret now. It is this—there are no mysteries. ¶

That is the only secret upon which any secret society holds a caveat. Wisdom cannot be corralled with gibberish and fettered in jargon. Knowledge is one thing—palaver another.

The Greek letter societies of our callow days still survive in bird's eye, and next to these come the Elks who take theirs with seltzer and a smile, as a rare good joke, save that brotherhood and good fellowship are actually a saving salt which excuses

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much that would otherwise be simply silly. ¶ All this mystery and mysticism was once official, and later, on being discarded by the authorities, was continued by the students as a kind of prank.

Greek letter societies are the rudimentary survivals of what was once an integral part of every college. Making dead languages optional was the last convulsive kick of the cadaver.

And now a good many colleges are placing the seal of their disapproval on secret societies among the students; and the day is near when the secret society will not be tolerated either directly or indirectly as a part of the education of youth. All this because the sophomoric mind is prone to take its Greek letter mysteries seriously, and regard the college curriculum as a joke of the faculty.

If knowledge were to be gained by riding a goat, any petty cross-roads, with its lodge-room over the grocery, would contain a Herbert Spencer; and the agrarian mossbacks would have wisdom by the scruff and detain knowledge with a tail-hold.

There can be no secrets in life and morals, because Nature has so provided that every beautiful thought you know, and every precious sentiment you feel shall shine out of your face so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate and appropriate. You can keep things only by giving them away.

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HEN Pythagoras was only four or five years old his mother taught him to take his morning bath in the cold stream, and dry his baby skin by running in the wind. As he ran, she ran with him, and together they sang a hymn to the rising sun, that for them represented the god Apollo.

QThis mother taught him to be indifferent to cold, heat,

hunger, to exult in endurance and take a joy in the glow of the body.

So the boy grew strong, and handsome, and proud, and perhaps it was in those early years, from the mother herself, that he gathered the idea, afterward developed, that Apollo had appeared to his mother, and so great was the beauty of the god that the woman was actually overcome, it being the first god at which she had ever had a good look.

The ambition of a great mother centres on her son. Pythagoras was filled with the thought that he was different, peculiar, set apart to teach the human race.

QHaving compassed all there was to learn in his native place, and as he thought, being ill appreciated, he started for Egypt, the land of learning. The fallacy that knowledge was a secret to be gained by word of mouth

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and to be gotten from books existed then as now. The mother of Pythagoras wanted her son to comprehend the inmost secrets of the Egyptian mysteries. He would then know all. To this end she sold her jewels, in order that her son might have the advantages of an Egyptian education.

Women were not allowed to know the divine secrets —only just a few little ones. This woman wanted to know, and she said her son would learn, and tell her. ¶ The family had become fairly rich by this time, and influential. Letters were gotten from the great ones of Samos to the secretary of state in Egypt. And so, Pythagoras, aged twenty, "the youth with the beautiful hair," went on his journey to Egypt and knocked boldly at the doors of the temples at Memphis where knowledge was supposed to be in stock. Religion then monopolized all schools and continued to do so for quite some time after Pythagoras was dead.

He was turned away with the explanation that no foreigner could enter the sacred portals—that the initiates must be those born in the shadows of the temples and nurtured by holy virgins from infancy in the faith.

Pythagoras still insisted, and it was probably then that he found a sponsor who made for him the claim that he was a son of Apollo. And the holy men peeped out of their peep-holes in holy admiration for any one who could concoct as big a lie as they themselves had ever

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invented. ¶ The boy surely looked the part. Perhaps, at last, here was one who was what they pretended to be! Frauds believe in frauds, and rogues are more easily captured by roguery than are honest men.

His admittance to the university became a matter of international diplomacy. At last, being too hard pressed, the wise ones who ran the mystery monopoly gave in, and Pythagoras was informed that at midnight of a certain night, he should present himself, naked, at the door of a certain temple and he would be admitted. ¶ On the stroke of the hour, at the appointed time, Pythagoras, the youth with the beautiful hair, was there, clothed only in his beautiful hair. He knocked on the great, bronze doors, but the only answer was a faint, hollow echo.

Then he got a stone and pounded, but still no answer. ¶ The wind sprang up fresh and cold. The young man was chilled to the bone, but still he pounded and then called aloud demanding admittance. His answer now was the growling and barking of dogs, within. Still he pounded! After an interval a hoarse voice called out through a little slide, ordering him to begone or the dogs would be turned loose upon him.

He demanded admittance.

“Fool, do you not know that the law says these doors shall admit no one excepting at sunrise?”

“I only know that I was told to be here at midnight and I would be admitted.”

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"All that may be true, but you were not told when you would be admitted—wait, it is the will of the gods." So Pythagoras waited, numbed and nearly dead. ¶ The dogs which he had heard had, in some way, gotten out, and came tearing around the corner of the great stone building. He fought them with desperate strength. The effort seemed to warm his blood, and whereas, before he was about to retreat to his lodgings he now remained.

The day broke in the east, and gangs of slaves went by to work. They jeered at him and pelted him with pebbles. ¶

Suddenly across the desert sands he saw the faint pink rim of the rising sun. On the instant the big bronze doors against which he was leaning swung suddenly in. He fell with them, and coarse, rough hands seized his hair and pulled him into the hall.

The doors swung to and closed with a clang. Pythagoras was in dense darkness, lying on the stone floor.

A voice, seemingly coming from afar, demanded, "Do you still wish to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

A black-robed figure, wearing a mask, then appeared with a flickering light, and Pythagoras was led into a stone cell.

His head was shaved, and he was given a coarse robe and then left alone. Toward the end of the day he was given a piece of black bread and a bowl of water. This

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he was told was to fortify him for the ordeal to come. ¶ What that ordeal was we can only guess, save that it consisted partially in running over hot sands where he sank to his waist. At a point where he seemed about to perish a voice called loudly, "Do you yet desire to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

Returning to the inmost temple he was told to enter a certain door and wait therein. He was then blindfolded and when he opened the door to enter, he walked off into space and fell into a pool of ice-cold water. ¶ While floundering there the voice again called, "Do you yet desire to go on?"

And his answer was, "I desire to go on."

At another time he was tied upon the back of a donkey and the donkey was led along a rocky precipice, where lights danced and flickered a thousand feet below.

"Do you yet want to go on?" called the voice.

And Pythagoras answered, "I desire to go on."

The priests here pushed the donkey off the precipice, which proved to be only about two feet high, the gulf below being an illusion arranged with the aid of lights that shone through apertures in the wall.

These pleasing little diversions Pythagoras afterward introduced into the college which he founded, so to teach the merry freshmen that nothing, at the last, was as bad as it seemed, and that most dangers were illusions. *

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The Egyptians grew to have such regard for Pythagoras that he was given every opportunity to know the inmost secrets of the mysteries. He said he encompassed them all, save those alone that were incomprehensible.

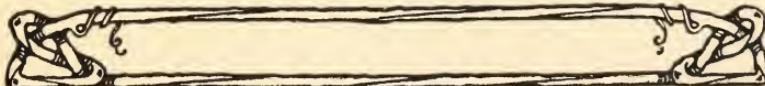
This was probably true.

The years spent in Egypt were not wasted—he learned astronomy, mathematics, and psychology, a thing then not named, but pretty well understood—the management of men.

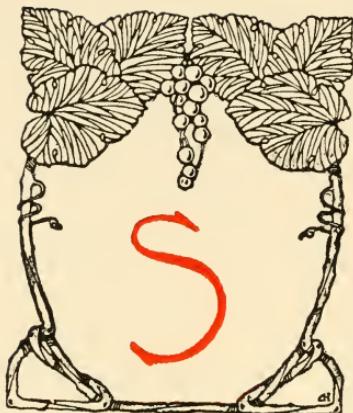
It was twenty years before Pythagoras returned to Samos. His mother was dead, so she passed away in ignorance of the secrets of the gods—which perhaps was just as well.

Samos now treated Pythagoras with great honor. Crowds flocked to his lectures, presents were given him, royalty paid him profound obeisance.

But Samos soon tired of Pythagoras. He was too austere—too severe, and when he began to rebuke the officials for their sloth and indifference he was invited to go elsewhere and teach his science of life. And so he journeyed into Southern Italy and at Crotona, built his Temple to the Muses and founded the Pythagorean school. He was the wisest as well as the most learned man of his time.



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OME unkind person has said that Pythagoras was the original charter member of the Jesuit's Society & The maxim that the end justifies the means was the corner stone of Egyptian theology. When Pythagoras left Egypt he took with him this corner stone as a souvenir & That the priests could only hold their power over the masses

through magic and miracle, was fully believed, and as a good police system the value of organized religion was highly appreciated. In fact no ruler could hold his place, unsupported by the priest. Both were divine propositions. One searches in vain for simple truth among the sages, solons, philosophers, poets, and prophets that existed down to the time of Socrates. Truth for truth's sake was absolutely unimagined; free-thought was unguessed.

Expediency was always placed before truth.

Truth was furnished with frills—the people otherwise would not be impressed. Chants, robes, ritual, processions, banging of bells, burning of incense, strange sounds, sights and smells—these were considered necessary factors in teaching divine truth.

To worship with a noise, seems to us a little like

PYTHAGORAS

making love with a brass band. ¶ Pythagoras was a very great man, but for him to eliminate theological chaff entirely was impossible. So we find that when he was about to speak, red fire filled the building as soon as he arose. It was all a little like the alleged plan of the late Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage who used to have an Irishman let loose a white pigeon from the organ loft at an opportune time.

When Pythagoras burned the red fire, of course the audience thought a miracle was taking place, unable to understand a simple stage trick which all the boys in the gallery who delight in "Faust" now understand. ¶ However, the Pythagorean school had much virtue on its side, and made a sincere and earnest effort to solve certain problems that yet are vexing us.

The Temple of the Muses, built by Pythagoras at Crotona, is described by Iamblichus as a stone structure, with walls twenty feet thick, the light being admitted only from the top. It was evidently constructed after the Egyptian pattern, and the intent was to teach there the esoteric doctrine. But Pythagoras improved upon the Egyptian methods and opened his temple on certain days to all and any who desired to come. Then at times he gave lectures to women only, and then to men only, and also to children, thus showing that modern revival methods are not wholly modern. ☺ ☺

These lectures contain the very essence of Pythagorean

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philosophy, and include so much practical common-sense that they are still quoted. These are some of the sayings that impressed Socrates, Pericles, Aristotle and Pliny. What the Egyptians actually taught we really do not know—it was too gaseous to last. Only the good endures.

Says Pythagoras: Cut not into the grape. Exaltation coming from wine is not good. You hope too much in this condition, so are afterwards depressed. Wise men are neither cast down in defeat, nor exalted by success. Eat moderately, bathe plentifully, exercise much in the open air, walk far, and climb the hills alone.

Above all things, learn to keep silence—hear all and speak little. If you are defamed, answer not back. Talk convinces no one. Your life and character proclaim you more than any argument you can put forth. Lies return to plague those who put them forth.

The secret of power is to keep an even temper, and remember that no one thing that can happen is of much moment. The course of justice, industry, courage, moderation, silence means that you shall receive your due of every good thing. The gods may be slow but they never forget.

It is not for us to punish men nor avenge ourselves for slights, wrongs and insults—wait, and you will see that Nemesis unhorses the man intent on calumny.

A woman's ornaments should be modesty, simplicity, truth, obedience. If a woman would hold a man captive she can only do it by obeying him. Violent women are even more displeasing to the gods than violent men—both are destroying themselves. Strife is always defeat. ¶Debauchery, riot, splendor, luxury, are attempts to get

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a pleasure out of life that is not our due, and so Nemesis provides her penalty for the idle and gluttonous.

Fear and honor the gods. They guide our ways and watch over us in our sleep. After the gods, a man's first thought should be of his father and mother. Next to these his wife, then his children.

So great was this power of Pythagoras over the people that many of the women who came, hearing his discourse on the folly of pride and splendor, threw off their cloaks, and left them with their rings, anklets and necklaces on the altar.

With these and other offerings Pythagoras built another temple, this time to Apollo, and the Temple to the Muses was left open all of the time for the people. ¶ His power over the multitude alarmed the magistrates, so they sent for him to examine him as to his influence and intents. He explained to them that as the Muses were never at variance among themselves, always living in subjection to Apollo, so should magistrates agree among themselves and think only of being loyal to the king. ¶ All royal edicts and laws are reflections of divine law, and therefore must be obeyed without question. And as the Muses never interrupt the harmony of Heaven, but in fact add to it, so should men ever keep harmony among themselves.

All officers of the government should consider themselves as runners in the Olympian games, and never seek to trip, jostle, harass or annoy a rival, but run the race squarely and fairly, satisfied to be beaten if

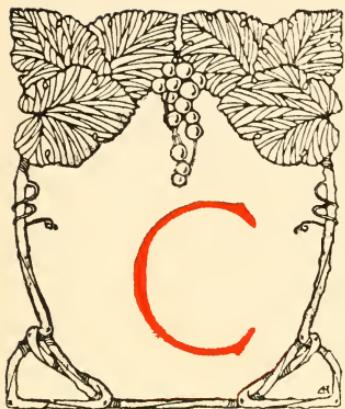
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the other is the stronger and better man. An unfair victory gains only the anger of the gods.

All disorders in the state come from ill education of the young. Children not brought up to be patient, to endure, to work, to be considerate of their elders and respectful to all, grow diseased minds that find relief at last in anarchy and rebellion. So, to take great care of children in their infancy and then leave them at puberty to follow their own inclinations, is to sow disorder. Children well loved and kept close to their parents grow up into men and women who are an ornament to the state and a joy to the gods. Lawless, complaining, restless, idle children grieve the gods and bring trouble upon their parents and society.

The magistrates were here so pleased, and satisfied in their own minds that Pythagoras meant the state no harm that they issued an order that all citizens should attend upon his lectures at least once a week, and take their wives and children with them. ¶ They also offered to pay Pythagoras, that is, put him on the pay-roll as a public teacher, but he declined to accept money for his services. In this, Iamblichus says, he was very wise, since by declining a fixed fee, ten times as much was laid upon the altar of the Temple of the Muses, and not knowing to whom to return it, Pythagoras was obliged to keep it for himself, and the poor.

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HURCHMEN of the Middle Ages worked the memory of Pythagoras great injustice by quoting him literally in order to prove how much they were beyond him. Symbols and epigrams require a sympathetic hearer, otherwise they are as naught *

¶ For instance, Pythagoras remarks "Sit thou not down upon a bushel measure."

What he probably meant was, get busy and fill the measure with grain rather than use it for a seat.

"Eat not the heart"—do not act so to harrow the feelings of your friends, and do not be morbid.

"Never stir the fire with a sword"—do not inflame people who are wrathful.

"Wear not the image of God upon your jewelry"—do not make religion a proud or boastful thing.

"Help men to a burden, but never unburden them." This saying was used by St. Francis to prove that the pagan philosophers had no tenderness and that the humanities came at a later date. We can now easily understand that to relieve men of responsibilities is no help; rather do we grow strong by carrying burdens.

¶ "Leave not the mark of the pot upon the ashes"—wipe out the past, forget it, look to the future.

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“Feed no animal that has crooked claws”—do not encourage rogues by supplying them a living.

“Eat no fish whose fins are black”—have nothing to do with men whose deeds are dark.

“Always have salt upon your table”—this seems the original of “cum grano salis” of the Romans.

“Leave the vinegar at a distance”—keep sweet.

“Speak not in the face of the sun”—even Erasmus thought this referred to magic. To us it is quite reasonable to suppose that it meant, “do not talk too much in public places.”

“Pick not up what falls from the table”—Plutarch calls this superstition, but we can just as easily suppose it was out of consideration for cats, dogs, or hungry men. The Bible has a command against gleaning too closely, and leaving nothing for the traveler.

“When making sacrifice, never pare your nails”—that is to say, do one thing at a time—wind not the clock at an inopportune time.

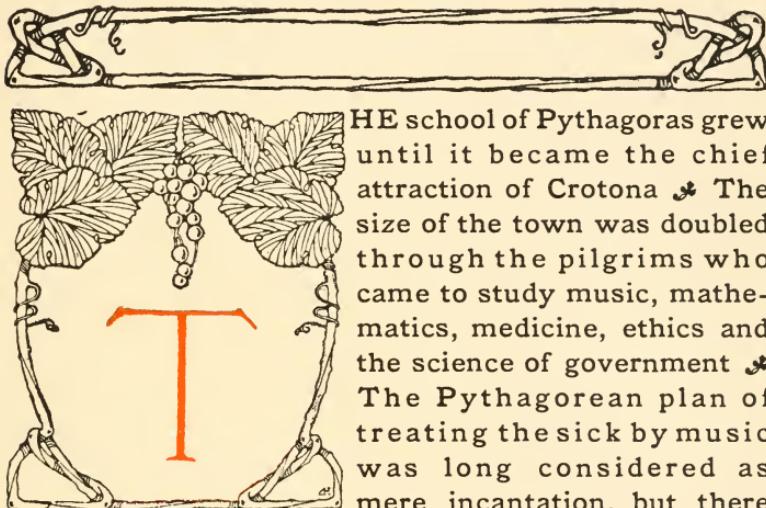
“Eat not in the chariot”—when you travel, travel.

“Feed not yourself with your left hand”—get your living openly and avoid all left-handed dealings.

And so there are hundreds of these Pythagorean sayings that have vexed our classic friends for over two thousand years. All Greek scholars who really pride themselves on their scholarship have taken a hand at them, and agitated the ether just as the members of the Kokomo Woman’s Club discuss obscure passages

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in Bliss Carmen, Sadakichi or Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Learned people are apt to comprehend anything but the obvious.



THE school of Pythagoras grew until it became the chief attraction of Crotona. The size of the town was doubled through the pilgrims who came to study music, mathematics, medicine, ethics and the science of government. The Pythagorean plan of treating the sick by music was long considered as mere incantation, but there is a suspicion now that it was actual science. Once there was a man who rode a hobby all his life, and long after he was dead, folks discovered it was a real live horse and had carried the man long miles.

Pythagoras reduced the musical scale to a mathematical science. In astronomy he anticipated Copernicus, and indeed, it was cited as the chief offense of Copernicus that he had borrowed from a pagan. Copernicus, it seems, set the merry churchmen digging into Greek literature to find out just how bad Pythagoras was.

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This did the churchmen good, but did not help the cause of Copernicus.

Pythagoras for a time sought to popularize his work, but he soon found to his dismay that he was attracting cheap and unworthy people, who came not so much out of a love of learning as to satisfy a morbid curiosity and gain a short cut to wisdom. They wanted secrets, and knowing that Pythagoras had spent twenty years in Egypt, they came to him, hoping to get them.

Said Pythagoras, "He who digs, always finds." At another time, he put the same idea reversely, thus, "He who digs not, never finds."

Pythagoras was well past forty when he married a daughter of one of the chief citizens of Crotona. It seems that, inspired by his wife, who was first one of his pupils, and then a disciple, he conceived a new mode of life, which he thought would soon overthrow the old manner of living.

Pythagoras himself wrote nothing, but all of his pupils kept tablets, and Athens in the century following Pythagoras was full of these Pythagorean note books, and these supply us the scattered data from which his life was written.

Pythagoras, like so many other great men, had his dream of Utopia—it was a college or literally, "a collection of people" where all were on an equality. Everybody worked, everybody studied, everybody helped everybody and all refrained from disturbing or distressing

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any one. It was the Oneida Community taken over by Brook Farm and fused into a religious and scientific New Harmony by the Shakers.

One smiles to see the minute rules that were made for the guidance of the members. They look like a transcript from a sermon by John Alexander Dowie, revised by the shade of Robert Owen.

This Pythagorean Community was organized out of a necessity in order to escape the blow-ins who sailed across from Greece intent on some new thing, but principally to get knowledge and a living without work. ¶ And so Pythagoras and his wife formed a close corporation. For each member there was an initiation, strict and severe, the intent of which was to absolutely bar the transient triflers. Every member was to turn over to the Common Treasury all the money and goods he had of every kind and quality. They started naked, just as did Pythagoras, when he stood at the door of the temple in Egypt.

Simplicity, truth, honesty and mutual service were to govern. It was an outcrop of the monastic impulse, save that women were admitted, also. ¶ Unlike the Egyptians, Pythagoras believed now in the equality of the sexes, and his wife daily led the women's chorus, and she also gave lectures. The children were especially cared for by women set apart as nurses and teachers. By rearing perfect children, it was hoped and expected to produce in turn a perfect race.

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The whole idea was a phase of totemism and tabu. ¶ That it flourished for about thirty years is very certain. Two sons and a daughter of Pythagoras grew to maturity in the college, and this daughter was tried by the order on the criminal charge of selling the secret doctrines of her father to outsiders.

One of the sons it seems made trouble, also, in an attempt to usurp his father's place and take charge of affairs, as "next friend." One generation is about the limit of a Utopian Community. When those who have organized the community weaken and one by one pass away, and the young assume authority, the old ideas of austerity are forgotten and dissipation and disintegration enter. So do we move in circles.

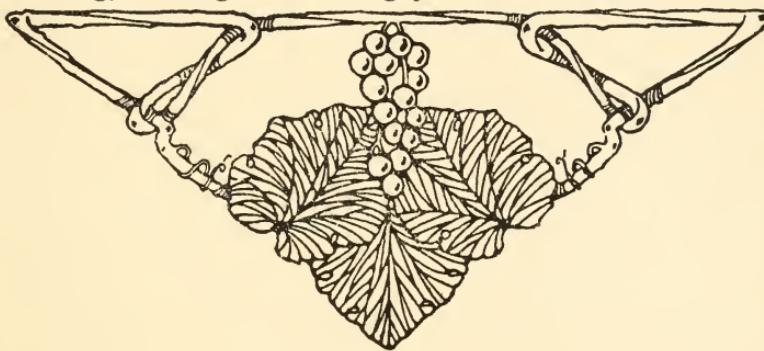
The final blow to the Pythagorean College came through the jealousy and misunderstanding of the citizens outside. It was the old question of Town versus Gown. ¶ The Pythagoreans numbered nearly three hundred people. They held themselves aloof, and no doubt had an exasperating pride. No strangers were ever allowed inside the walls—they were a law unto themselves. ¶ ¶

Internal strife and tales told by dissenters excited the curiosity, and then the prejudice of the townspeople. ¶ Then the report got abroad that the Pythagoreans were collecting arms and were about to overthrow the local government and enslave the officials.

On a certain night, led by a band of drunken soldiers, a

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mob made an assault upon the college. The buildings were fired, and the members were either destroyed in the flames or killed as they rushed forth to escape. Tradition has it that Pythagoras was later seen by a shepherd on the mountains, but the probabilities are that he perished with his people. But you cannot dispose of a great man by killing him. Here we are reading, writing and talking yet of PYTHAGORAS





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Emil Paur
H. H. Tammen
Thomas B. Harned
Geo. Bernard Shaw
Swami Darhmapala
Wm. Marion Reedy
Thomas B. Mosher
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If by any accident any of these are not present they will miss a mighty good time.

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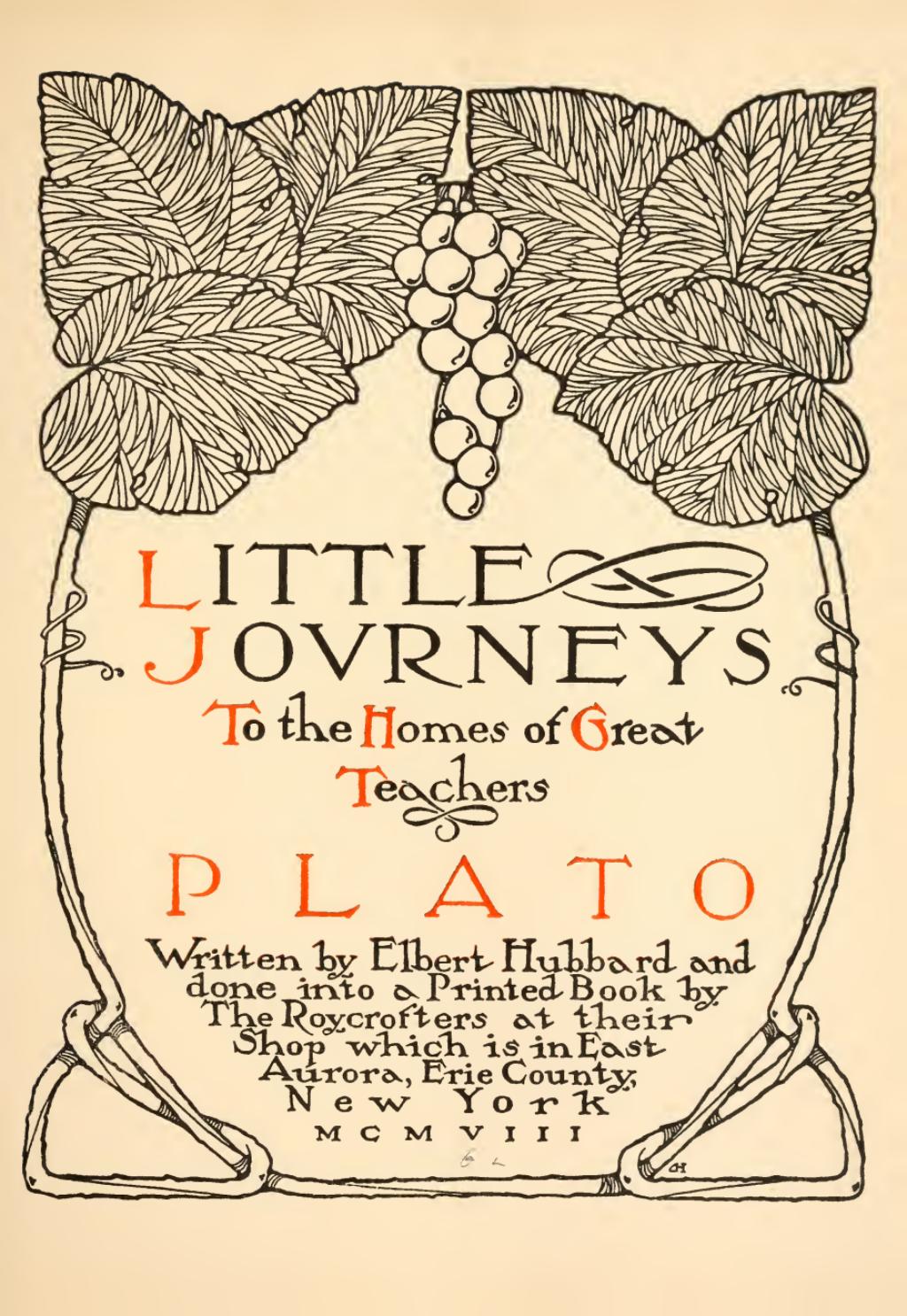
THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

Moses	Booker T. Washington
Confucius	Thomas Arnold
Pythagoras	Erasmus
Plato	Hypatia
King Alfred	St. Benedict
Friedrich Froebel	Mary Baker Eddy



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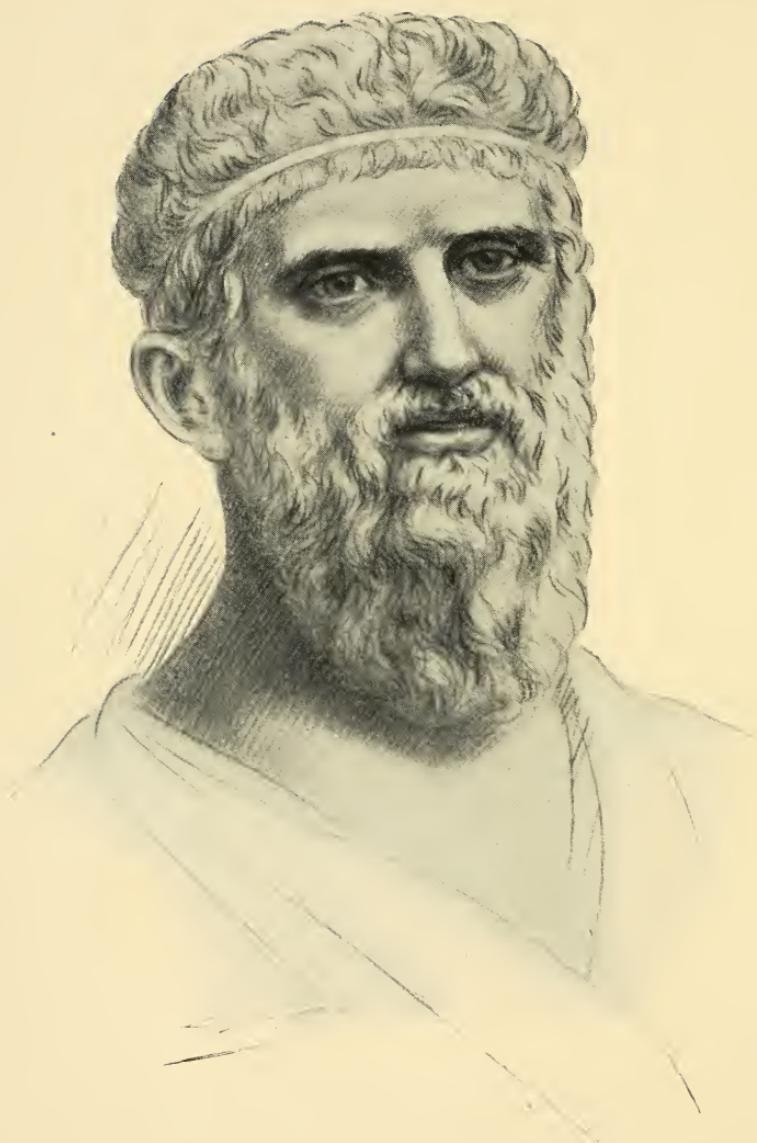
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P L A T O



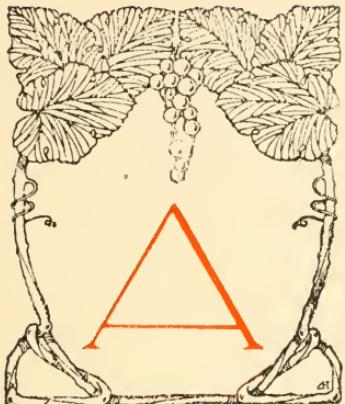
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HOW well I remember the aged poet Sophocles, when in answer to the question, "How does love suit with age, Sophocles,—are you still the man you were?"

"Peace," he replied; "most gladly have I escaped that, and I feel as if I had escaped from a mad and furious master."

That saying of his has often come into my mind since, and seems to me still as good as at the time when I heard him. For certainly old age has a great sense of calm and freedom; when the passions relax their hold, then, as Sophocles says, you have escaped from the control not of one master only, but of many. And of these regrets, as well as of the complaint about relations, Socrates, the cause is to be sought, not in men's ages, but in their characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but he who is of an opposite disposition will find youth and age equally a burden.—THE REPUBLIC.

LITTLE JOURNEYS



THINKING man is one of the most recent productions evolved from Nature's laboratory. The first man of brains to express himself about the world in an honest, simple and natural way, just as if nothing had been said about it before, was Socrates. Twenty-four centuries have passed since Socrates was put to death on the charge of

speaking disrespectfully of the gods and polluting the minds of the youths of Athens. During ten of these centuries that have passed since then, the race lost the capacity to think through the successful combination of the priest and soldier. These men blocked human evolution. The penalty for making slaves is that you become one.

To suppress humanity is to suppress yourself.

The race is one. So the priests and soldiers, who in the Third Century had a modicum of worth themselves, sank and were submerged in the general slough of superstition and ignorance. It was a panic that continued for a thousand years, all through the endeavor of faulty men to make people good by force. At all times, up to within our own decade, frank expression on religious, economic and social topics has been fraught

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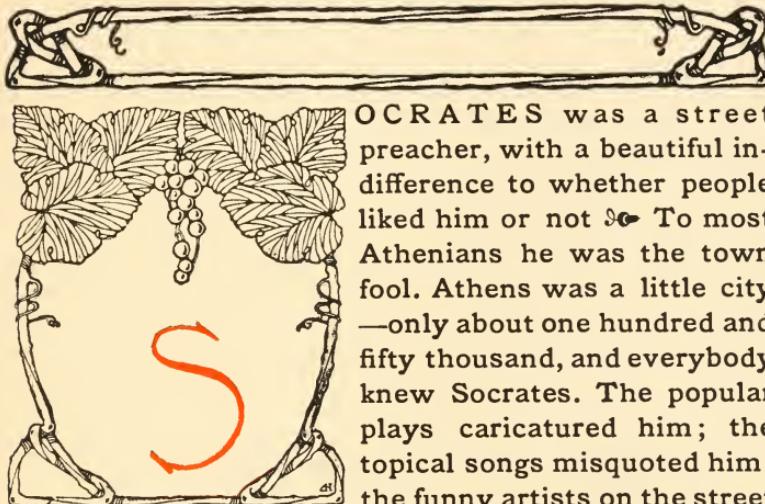
with great peril. Even yet any man who hopes for popularity as a writer, orator, merchant or politician would do well to studiously conceal his inmost beliefs. On such simple themes as the taxation of real estate, regardless of the business of the owner, and a payment of a like wage for a like service without consideration of sex, the statesman who has the temerity to speak out will be quickly relegated to private life. Successful merchants depending on a local constituency find it expedient to cater to popular superstitions by heading subscription lists for the support of things in which they do not believe. No avowed independent thinker would be tolerated as chief ruler of any of the so-called civilized countries.

The fact, however, that the penalty for frank expression is limited now to social and commercial ostracism is very hopeful—a few years ago it meant the scaffold. ¶ We have been heirs to a leaden legacy of fear that has well nigh banished joy and made of life a long nightmare.

In very truth, the race has been insane. Hallucinations, fallacies, fears have gnawed at our hearts, and men have fought men with deadly frenzy. The people who interfered, trying to save us, we have killed. Truly did we say, "There is no health in us," which repetition did not tend to mend the malady. ¶ We are now getting convalescent. We are hobbling out into the sunshine on crutches. We have discharged

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most of our old advisers, heaved the dulling and deadly bottles out of the windows, and are intent on studying and understanding our own case. Our motto is twenty-four centuries old—it is, KNOW THYSELF.



OCRATES was a street preacher, with a beautiful indifference to whether people liked him or not. To most Athenians he was the town fool. Athens was a little city—only about one hundred and fifty thousand, and everybody knew Socrates. The popular plays caricatured him; the topical songs misquoted him; the funny artists on the street corners who modeled things in clay, while you waited, made figures of him.

Everybody knew Socrates—I guess so !

Plato, the handsome youth of nineteen, wearing a purple robe, which marked him as one of the nobility, paused to listen to this uncouth man who gave everything, and wanted nothing.

Ye Gods ! But it is no wonder they caricatured him—he was a temptation too great to resist.

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Plato smiled—he never laughed, being too well bred for that. Then he sighed, and moved a little nearer in. ¶ “Individuals are nothing. The state is all. To offend the state is to die. The state is an organization and we are members of it. The state is only as rich as its poorest citizen. We are all given a little sample of divinity to study, model and marvel at. To understand the state you must KNOW THYSELF.”

Plato lingered until the little crowd had dispersed, and when the old man with the goggle eyes and full moon face went shuffling slowly down the street, he approached and asked him a question.

This man Socrates was no fool—the populace was wrong—he was a man so natural and free from cant that he appeared to the triflers and pretenders like a pretender, and they asked, “Is he sincere?”

What Plato was by birth, breeding and inheritance, Socrates was by nature—a noble man.

Up to this time the ambition of Plato had been for place and power—to make the right impression on the people in order to gain political preferment. He had been educated in the school of sophists, and his principal studies were poetry, rhetoric and deportment.

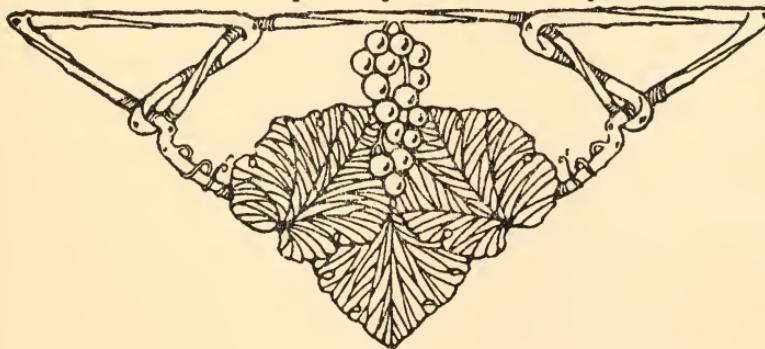
¶ And now straightway he destroyed the manuscript of his poems, for in their writing he had suddenly discovered that he had not written what he inwardly believed was true, but simply that which he thought was proper and nice to say. In other words, his liter-

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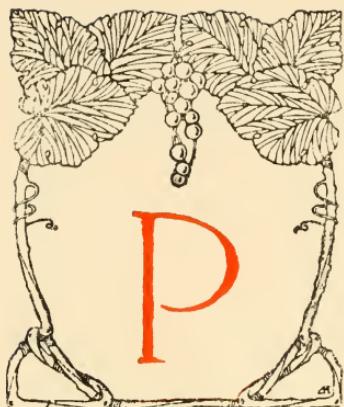
ature had been a form of pretense. ¶ Daily thereafter, where went Socrates there went Plato. Side by side they sat on the curb—Socrates talking, questioning the bystanders, accosting the passers-by; Plato talking little, but listening much.

Socrates was short, stout and miles around. Plato was tall, athletic and broad-shouldered. In fact the word, "plato" or "platon" means broad, and it was given him as a nickname by his comrades. His correct name was Aristocles, but "Plato" suited him better, since it symbols that he was not only broad of shoulder, but likewise in mind. He was not only noble by birth, but noble in appearance.

Emerson calls him the universal man. He absorbed all the science, all the art, all the philosophy of his day. ¶ He was handsome, kindly, graceful, gracious, generous, and lived and died a bachelor. He never collided with either poverty or matrimony.



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LATO was twenty-eight years old when Socrates died. For eight years they had been together daily. After the death of Socrates, Plato lived for forty-six years, just to keep alive the name and fame of the great philosopher.

Socrates comes to us through Plato. Various other contemporaries mention Socrates and quote him, some to his

disadvantage, but it was left for Plato to give us the heart of his philosophy, and limn his character for all time in unforgettable outline.

Plato is called "The pride of Greece." His contribution to the wealth of the world consists in the fact that he taught the joys of the intellect—the supreme satisfaction that comes through thinking. This is the pure Platonic philosophy: to find our gratifications in exalted thought and not in bodily indulgence. Plato's theory that five years should be given in early manhood to abstract thought, abstaining from all practical affairs, so to acquire a love for learning, has been grafted upon a theological stalk and comes down to our present time. It has, however, now been discarded by the world's best thinkers as a fallacy. The unit of man's life is the day, not the month or year, much less

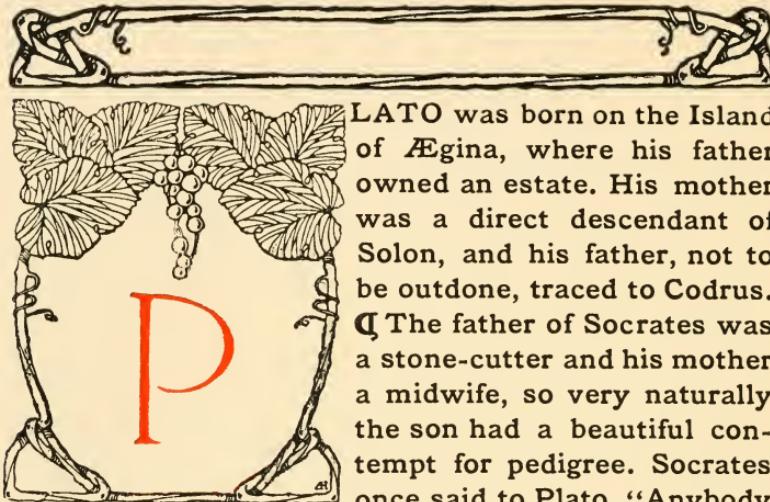
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a period of five years. Each day we must exercise the mind, just as each day we must exercise the body. We cannot store up health and draw upon it at will over long deferred periods. The account must be kept active. To keep physical energy we must expend physical energy every day. The opinion of Herbert Spencer that thought is a physical function—a vibration set up in a certain area of brain cells—is an idea never preached by Plato. The brain being an organ must be used, not merely in one part for five years to the exclusion of all other parts, but all parts should be used daily. To this end the practical things of life should daily engage our attention no less than the contemplation of beauty as manifest in music, poetry, art, or dialectics. The thought that every day we should look upon a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem, or listen for a little while to beautiful music is highly scientific, for this contemplation and appreciation of harmony is a physical exercise, as well as a spiritual one, and through it we grow, develop, evolve.

That we could not devote five years of our time to purely æsthetic exercises, to the exclusion of practical things, without very great risk, is now well known. And when I refer to practical affairs, I mean the effort which Nature demands we should put forth to get a living. Every man should live like a poor man, regardless of the fact that he may have money. Nature knows

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nothing of bank balances. In order to have an appetite for dinner, you must first earn your dinner &c. If you would sleep at night, you must first pay for sweet sleep by physical labor.



PLATO was born on the Island of Ægina, where his father owned an estate. His mother was a direct descendant of Solon, and his father, not to be outdone, traced to Codrus. ¶ The father of Socrates was a stone-cutter and his mother a midwife, so very naturally the son had a beautiful contempt for pedigree. Socrates once said to Plato, "Anybody can trace to Codrus—by paying enough to the man who makes the family tree." This seems to show that genealogy was a matter of business then as now, and that nothing is new under the sun. Yet with all his contempt for heredity, we find Socrates often expressing pride in the fact that he was a "Native Son," whereas Plato, Aspasia, the mother of Themistocles, and various other fairly good people, were Athenian importations.

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Socrates belonged to the leisure class and had plenty of time for extended conversazione, so just how much seriousness we should mix in his dialogs is still a problem. Each palate has to season to suit. Also, we can never know how much is Socrates and how much essence of Plato. Socrates wrote nothing, and Plato ascribes all of his wisdom to his master. Whether this was simple prudence or magnanimity is still a question.

The death of Socrates must have been a severe blow to Plato. He at once left Athens. It was his first intention never to return. He traveled through the cities of Greece, Southern Italy and down to Egypt, and everywhere was treated with royal courtesies.

After many solicitations from Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, he went to visit that worthy who had a case of philosophic and literary scabies & Dionysius prided himself on being a Beneficent Autocrat, with a literary and artistic attachment. He ruled his people, educated them, cared for them, disciplined them.

Some people call this slavery; others term it applied socialism.

Dionysius wanted Syracuse to be the philosophic centre of the world, and to this end Plato was importuned to make Syracuse his home and dispense his specialty—truth.

This he consented to do.

It was all very much like the arrangement between

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Mæcenas and Horace, or Voltaire and Frederick the Great. The patron is a man who patronizes—he wants something, and the particular thing that Dionysius wanted was to have Plato hold a colored light upon the performances of His Altruistic, Beneficent, Royal Jackanapes. But Plato was a simple, honest and direct man: he had caught the habit from Socrates.

Charles Ferguson says that the simple life does not consist in living in the woods and wearing overalls and sandals, but in getting the cant out of one's cosmos and eliminating the hypocrisy from one's soul.

Plato lived the simple life. When he spoke he stated what he thought. He discussed exploitation, war, taxation, and the Divine Right of Kings. Kings are very unfortunate—they are shut off and shielded from truth on every side. They get their facts at second hand and are lied to all day long. Consequently they become in time incapable of digesting truth. A court, being an artificial fabric, requires constant bracing. Next to capital, nothing is so timid as a king. Heine says that kings have to draw their nightcaps on over their crowns when they go to bed, in order to keep them from being stolen, and that they are subject to insomnia. **Q** Walt Whitman, with nothing to lose—not even a reputation or a hat—was much more kingly walking bareheaded past the White House, than Nicholas of Russia or Alphonso of Spain can ever possibly be. **Q** Dionysius thought that he wanted a philosophic

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court, but all he wanted was to make folks think he had a philosophic court ~~so~~ Plato supplied him the genuine article, and very naturally Plato was soon invited to vacate.

After he had gone, Dionysius, fearful that Plato would give him a bad reputation in Athens, after the manner and habit of the "escaped nun," sent a fast rowing galley after him ~~so~~ Plato was arrested and sold into slavery on his own isle of *Ægina*.

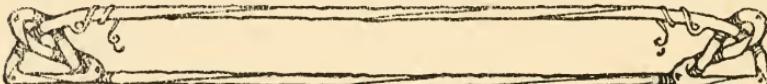
This all sounds very tragic, but the real fact is it was a sort of comedy of errors—as a king's doings are when viewed from a safe and convenient distance. De Wolf Hopper's kings are the real thing. Dionysius claimed that Plato owed him money, and so he got out a body-attachment, and sold the philosopher to the highest bidder ~~so~~ ~~so~~

This was a perfectly legal proceeding, being simply peonage, a thing which exists in some parts of the United States to-day. I state the fact without prejudice, merely to show how hard custom dies.

Plato was too big a man to either conveniently secrete or kill ~~so~~ Certain people in Athens plagiarized Dr. Johnson who, on hearing that Goldsmith had debts of several thousand pounds, in admiration exclaimed, "Was ever poet so trusted before!" Other good friends ascertained the amount of the claim and paid it, just as Colonel H. H. Rogers graciously cleared up the liabilities of Mark Twain, after the author of *Huckle-*

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berry Finn had landed his business craft on a sand-bar.
¶ And so Plato went free, arriving back in Athens, aged forty, a wiser and better man than when he left.



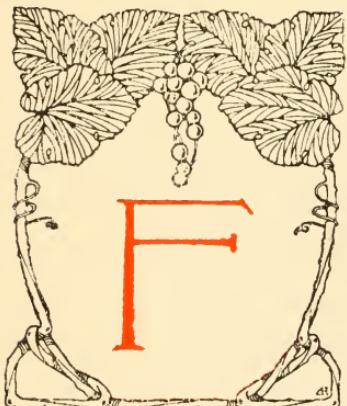
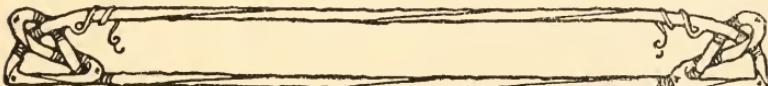
OTHING absolves a reputation like silence and absence, or what the village editors call "the grim reaper." To live is always more or less of an offense, especially if you have thoughts and express them ¶ Athens exists, in degree, because she killed Socrates, just as Jerusalem is unforgettable for a similar reason ¶ The South did not

realize that Lincoln was her best friend until the assassin's bullet had found his brain. Many good men in Chicago did not cease to revile their chiefest citizen, until the ears of Altgeld were stopped and his hands stiffened by death. The lips of the dead are eloquent. ¶ Plato's ten years of absence had given him prestige. He was honored because he had been the near and dear friend of Socrates, a great and good man who was killed through mistake.

Most murders and killings of men, judicial and other-

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wise, are matters of misunderstandings. **Q** Plato had been driven out of Syracuse for the very reasons that Socrates had been killed at Athens. And now behold when Dionysius saw how Athens was honoring Plato, he discovered that it was all a mistake of his book-keeper, so he wrote to Plato to come back and all would be forgiven.



OLKS who set out to live the Ideal Life have a hard trail to travel. The road to Jericho is a rocky one—especially if we are a little in doubt as to whether it really is the road to Jericho or not. Perhaps if we ever find the man who lives the Ideal Life he will be quite unaware of it, so occupied will he be in his work—so forgetful of self.

Time had taught Plato diplomacy. He now saw that to teach people who did not want to be taught was an error in judgment for which one might forfeit his head ~~so~~ ~~so~~

Socrates was the first Democrat—he stood for the demos—the people. Plato would have done the same,

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but he saw that the business was extra hazardous, to use the phrase of our insurance friends. He who works for the people will be destroyed by the people. Hemlock is such a rare and precious commodity that few can afford it; the cross is a privilege so costly that few care to pay the price.

The genius is a man who first states truths; and all truths are unpleasant on their first presentation. That which is uncommon is offensive. "Who ever heard anything like that before?" ask the literary and philosophic hill tribes in fierce indignation. Says James Russell Lowell: "I blab unpleasant truths, you see, that none may need to state them after me."

Plato was a teacher by nature—this was his business, his pastime, and the only thing in life that gave him joy. But he dropped back to the good old way of making truth esoteric as did the priests of Egypt, instead of exoteric as did Socrates. He founded his college in the grove of his old friend Academus, a mile out of Athens on the road to Eleusis. In honor of Academus the school was called "The Academy." It was secluded, safe, beautiful for situation. In time Plato bought a tract of land adjoining that of Academus, and this was set apart as the permanent school. All the teaching was done out of doors, master and pupils seated on the marble benches, by the fountain side, or strolling through the grounds, rich with shrubs and flowers and enlivened by the song of birds. The

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climate of Athens was about like that of Southern California, where the sun shines three hundred days in the year.

Plato emphasized the value of the spoken word over the written, a thing he could well afford to do, since he was a remarkably good writer. This for the same reason that the only man who can afford to go ragged is a man with a goodly bank balance. The shibboleth of the modern schools of oratory is, "We grow through expression." And Plato was the man who first said it. Plato's teaching was all in the form of the "quiz," because he believed that truth was not a thing to be acquired from another—it is self-discovery. Indeed, we can imagine it was very delightful—this walking, strolling, lying on the grass, or seated in semicircles, indulging in endless talk, easy banter, with now and then a formal essay read to start the vibrations.

Here it was that Aristotle came from his wild home in the mountains of Macedonia, to remain for twenty years and to evolve into a rival of the master.

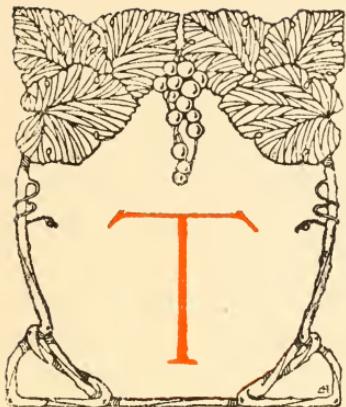
We can well imagine how Aristotle, the mountain climber and horseman, at times grew heartily tired of the faultily faultless garden with its high wall and graveled walks and delicate shrubbery, and shouted aloud in protest, "The whole world of mountain, valley and plain should be our Academy, not this pent up Utica that contracts our powers."

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Then followed an argument as to the relative value of talking about things or doing them, or Poetry versus Science.

Poetry, philosophy and religion are very old themes, and they were old even in Plato's day, but natural science came in with Aristotle. And science is only the classification of the common knowledge of the common people. It was Aristotle who named things, not Adam. He contended that the classification and naming of plants, rocks and animals was quite as important as to classify ideas about human happiness and make guesses at the state of the soul after death. Of course he got himself beautifully misunderstood, because he was advocating something which had never been advocated before. In this lay his virtue, that he outran human sympathy, even the sympathy of the great Plato.

Yet for a while the unfolding genius of this young barbarian was a great joy to Plato, as the earnest, eager intellect of an ambitious pupil always is to his teacher. Plato was great in speculation; Aristotle was great in observation. Well has it been said that it was Aristotle who discovered the world. And Aristotle in his old age, said, "My attempts to classify the objects of nature all came through Plato's teaching me to first classify ideas." And forty years before this Plato had said, "It was Socrates who taught me this game of the correlation and classification of thoughts."



HE writings of Plato consist of thirty-five dialogs, and one essay which is not cast in the dramatic form—"The Apology." These dialogs vary in length from twenty pages, of say four hundred words each, to three hundred pages. In addition to these books are many quotations from Plato and references to him by contemporary writers. Plato's work is as impersonal as that of Shakespeare. All human ideas, shades of belief, emotions and desires pass through the colander of his mind. He allows everybody to have his say.

What Plato himself thought can only be inferred, and this each reader does for himself. We construct our man Plato in our own image. A critic's highest conception of Plato's philosophy is the highest conception of the critic's own. We, however, are reasonably safe in assuming that Plato's own ideas were put into the mouth of Socrates, for the one intent of Plato's life was to redeem Socrates from the charges that had been made against him. The characters Shakespeare loved are the ones that represent the master, not the hated hand-made rogues.

Plato's position in life was rather that of a spectator

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than an actor. He stood and saw the procession pass by, and as it passed, commented on it. He charged his pupils no tuition and accepted no fees, claiming that to sell one's influence or ideas was immoral.

It will be remembered that Byron held a similar position at the beginning of his literary career, and declared i' faith, he "would not prostitute his genius for hire." He gave his poems to the world. Later, when his income was pinched, he began to make bargains with Barabbas and became an artist in per centum, collecting close, refusing to rhyme without collateral. ¶ Byron's humanity is not seriously disputed ¶ Also Plato was human. He had a fixed income and so knew the worthlessness of riches. He issued no tariff, but the goodly honorarium left mysteriously on a marble bench by a rich pupil he accepted, and for it gave thanks to the gods. He said many great things, but he never said this: "I would have every man poor that he might know the value of money."

"The Republic" is the best known and best read of any of Plato's dialogs ¶ It outlines an ideal form of government where everybody would be healthy, happy and prosperous. It has served as inspiration to Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Jean Jacques Rousseau, William Morris, Edward Bellamy, Brigham Young, John Humphrey Noyes and Eugene Debs. The subdivision of labor, by setting apart certain persons to do certain things—for instance to care for the children

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—has made its appeal to Upton Sinclair, who jumped from his Utopian woodshed into a rubber plant and bounced off into oblivion.

Plato's plan was intended to relieve marriage from the danger of becoming a form of slavery. The rulers, teachers and artists especially were to be free, and the state was to assume all responsibilities. The reason is plain—he wanted them to reproduce themselves. But whether genius is an acquirement or a natural endowment he touches on but lightly. Also he seemingly did not realize "that no hovel is safe from it." ¶ If all marriage laws were done away with, Plato thought that the men and women who were mated would still be true to each other, and that the less the police interfered in love relations, the better.

In one respect at least Plato was certainly right—he advocated the equality of the sexes, and that no woman should be owned by a man nor forced into a mode of life either by economic exigency or marriage that was repulsive to her. Also that her right to bear children or not should be strictly her own affair, and to dictate to a mother as to who should father her children tended to the production of a slavish race. ¶ The eugenics of "The Republic" were tried for thirty years by the Oneida Community with really good results, but one generation of communal marriages was proved to be the limit, a thing Plato now knows from his heights in Elysium, but which he in

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his bachelor dreams on earth did not realize. ¶ In his division of labor each was to do the thing he was best fitted to do, and which he liked to do. It was assumed that each person had a gift, and that to use this gift all that was necessary was to give him an opportunity. That very modern cry of "equality of opportunity" harks back to Plato.

The monastic impulse was a very old thing, even in the time of Plato. ¶ The monastic impulse is simply cutting for sanctuary when the pressure of society gets intense—a getting rid of the world by running away from it. This usually occurs when the novitiate has exhausted his capacity for sin, and so tries saintship in the hope of getting a new thrill.

Plato had been much impressed by the experiments of Pythagoras, who had actually done the thing of which Plato only talked. Plato now picked the weak points in the Pythagorean philosophy and sought, in imagination, to construct a fabric that would stand the test of time.

However, all Utopias, like all monasteries and penitentiaries, are made up of picked people. The Oneida Community was not composed of average individuals, but of people who were selected with great care, and only admitted after severe tests. And great as was Plato, he could not outline an ideal plan of life excepting for an ideal people.

To remain in the world of work and share the burdens

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of all—to ask for nothing which other people cannot have on like terms—not to consider yourself peculiar, unique and therefore immune and exempt, is now the ideal of the best minds. We have small faith in monasticism or monotheism, but we do have great faith in monism. We believe in the Solidarity of the Race. We must all progress together. Whether Pythagoras, John Humphrey Noyes and Brigham Young were ahead of the world or behind it, is really not to the point—the many would not tolerate them. So their idealism was diluted with danger until it became as sombre, sober and slatey-grey as the average existence, and fades as well as shrinks in the wash.

A private good is no more possible for a community than it is for an individual. We help ourselves only as we advance the race—we are happy only as we minister to the whole. The race is one, and this is monism.

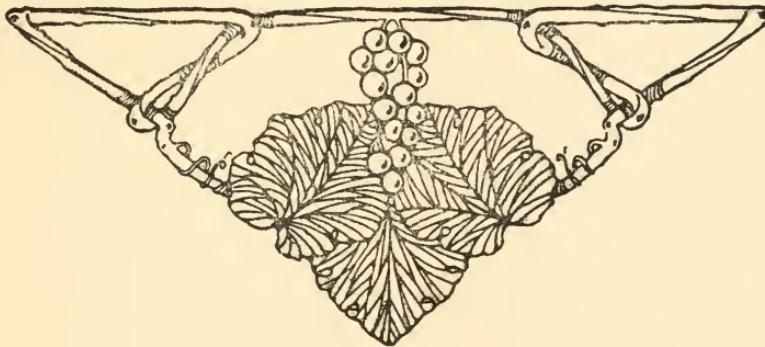
And here Socrates and Plato seemingly separate, for Socrates in his life wanted nothing, not even joy, and Plato's desire was for peace and happiness. Yet the ideal of justice in Plato's philosophy is very exalted. No writer in that flowering time of beauty and reason which we call "The Age of Pericles," exerted so profound an influence as Plato. All the philosophers that follow him were largely inspired by him. Those who berated him most, very naturally, were the ones he had most benefited. Teach a boy to write, and the

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probabilities are that his first essay, when he has cut loose from his teacher's apron strings and starts a brownie bibliomag, will be in denunciation of the man who taught him to push the pen and wield the Faber. Xenophon was more indebted, intellectually, to Plato than to any other living man, yet he speaks scathingly of his master. Plutarch, Cicero, Iamblichus, Pliny, Horace and all of the other Roman writers read Plato religiously. The Christian Fathers kept his work alive, and passed it on to Dante, Petrarch and the early writers of the Renaissance, so all of their thought is well flavored with essence of Plato. Well does Addison put into the mouth of Cato those well known words, "Plato, thou reasonest well, it must be so, for why this pleasing hope, this fond desire," etc. All of that English group of writers in Addison's day knew their Plato, exactly as did Cato and the other great Romans of near two thousand years before. From Plato you can prove that there is a life after this for each individual soul, as Francis of Assisi proved, or you can take your Plato, as did Hume, and show that man lives only in his influence, his individual life returning to the mass and becoming a part of all the great pulsing existence that ebbs and flows through plant and tree and flower and flying bird. And to-day we turn to Plato and find the corroboration of our thought that to live now and here, up to our highest and best, is the acme of wisdom. We prepare to live by living.

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If there is another world we better be getting ready for it. If heaven is an Ideal Republic it is founded on unselfishness, truth, reciprocity, equanimity and co-operation, and only those will be at home there who have practiced these virtues here. Man was made for mutual service. This way lies Elysium. **¶** Plato was a teacher of teachers, and like every great teacher who has ever lived, his soul goes marching on, for to teach is to influence, and influence never dies. Hail Plato!





HE Annual Philistine Convention will occur at East Aurora, July First to Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Eight, inclusive. There will be two programs each day, afternoon and evening, out-of-doors, if the weather be favorable—there being plenty of out-of-doors in this vicinity. These programs are quite informal and usually friendly.

Among those who have promised to be with us and take part in the pleasant proceedings are the following speakers and artists:

Tom L. Johnson
Maude Adams
Hans Schneider
David Bispham
A. F. Sheldon
Minnie Maddern Fiske
John Brisben Walker
John J. Lentz
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Terence V. Powderly
Robert M. La Follette
Maurice Maeterlinck
Henry Frank
Eugene Del Mar
Rev. Dr. I. K. Funk
M. M. Mangasarian
Rabbi Leonard Levy
Dr. R. V. Pierce
David Dubinsky
Arthur Hartman

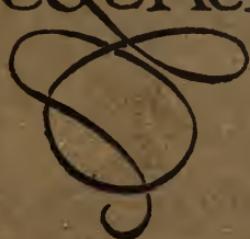
Byron King
Clifford King
Kinghorn Jones
Arthur Brisbane
Wm. Muldoon
Leigh Mitchell Hodges
Dr. C. M. Carr
Dr. J. H. Tilden
Mrs. V. Mott Pierce
Clarence Darrow
Geo. B. Cortelyou
Emil Paur
H. H. Tammen
Thomas B. Harned
Geo. Bernard Shaw
Swami Darhmapala
Wm. Marion Reedy
Thomas B. Mosher
Madison C. Peters

If by any accident any of these are not present they will miss a mighty good time.

The Annual Dinner for Immortals occurs July Fourth.

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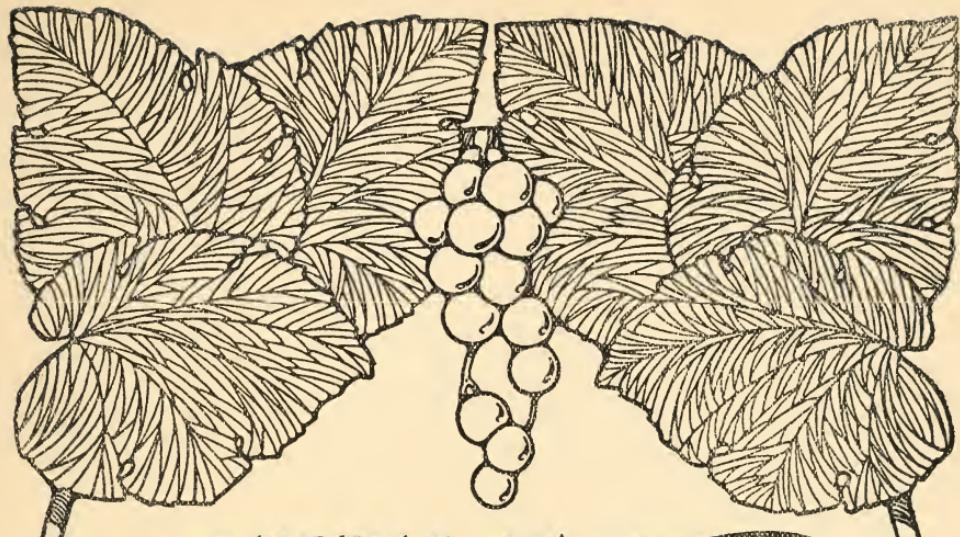
THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

Moses	Booker T. Washington
Confucius	Thomas Arnold
Pythagoras	Erasmus
Plato	Hypatia
King Alfred	St. Benedict
Friedrich Froebel	Mary Baker Eddy



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LITTLE JOURNEYS.

To the Homes of Great
Teachers

KING ALFRED

Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into a Printed Book by
The Roycrofters at their
Shop which is in East
Aurora, Erie County,
New York
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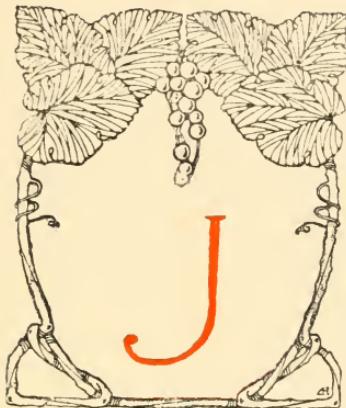
A SAINT without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior who fought only in defense of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained with cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, nor lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph — there is no other name in English history to compare with his 

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K I N G A L F R E D

LITTLE JOURNEYS



ULIUS CÆSAR, the greatest man of initiative the world has ever seen, had a nephew known as Cæsar Augustus. The grandeur that was Rome occurred in the reign of Augustus. It was Augustus who said, "I found your city mud and I left it marble!" The impetus given to the times by Julius Cæsar was conserved by Augustus. He continued the work his uncle had planned, but before he had completed it, he grew very weary, and the weariness he expressed was also the old age of the nation. There was lime in the bones of the boss.

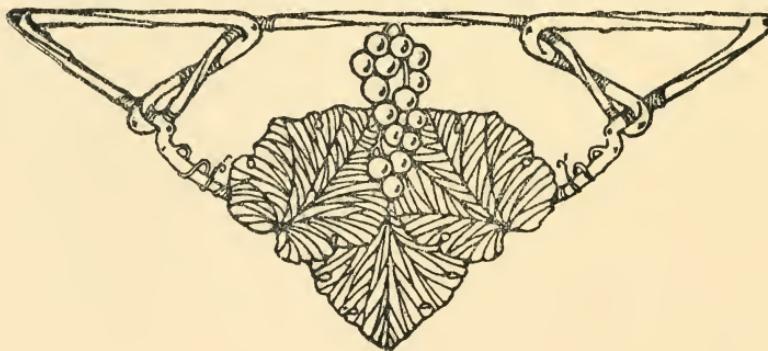
When Cæsar Augustus said, "Rome is great enough—here we rest," he merely meant that he had reached his limit, and had had enough of road-building. At the boundaries of the Empire and the end of each Roman road he set up a statue of the god Terminus. This god gave his blessing to those going beyond, and a welcome to those returning, just as the Stars and Stripes welcome the traveler coming to America from across the sea. This god Terminus also supplied the world, especially the railroad world, a word.

Julius Cæsar reached his terminus and died, aged fifty-six, from compulsory vaccination.

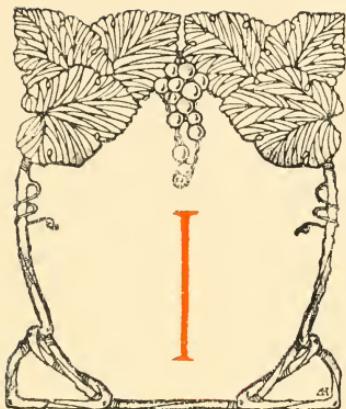
KING ALFRED

Augustus, aged seventy-seven, died peacefully in bed. ¶ The reign of Augustus marks the crest of the power of Rome, and a crest is a place where no man nor nation stays—when you reach it, you go over and down on the other side.

When Augustus set up his Termini, announcing to all mankind that this was the limit, the enemies of Rome took courage and became active. The Goths and Vandals, hanging on the skirts of Rome, had learned many things, and one of the things was that for getting rich quick, conquest is better than production. The barbarians, some of whom evidently had a sense of humor, had a way of picking up the Termini and carrying them inward, and finally they smashed them entirely, somewhat as country boys, out hunting, shoot railroad signs full of holes.



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N the Middle Ages the soldier was supreme, and in the name of protecting the people he robbed the people, a tradition much respected, but not in the breach.

To escape the scourge of war, certain families and tribes moved northward. It was fight and turmoil in Southern Europe that settled Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and

produced the Norsemen. And in making for themselves a home in the wilderness, battling with the climate and unkind conditions, there was evolved a very strong and sturdy type of man.

On the north shore of the Baltic dwelt the Norsemen. Along the southern shore were scattered several small tribes or families, who were not strong enough in numbers to fight the Goths, and so sought peace with them and were taxed—or pillaged—often to the point of starvation. They were so poor and insignificant that the Romans really never heard of them, and they never heard of the Romans, save in myth and legend. They lived in caves and rude stone huts. They fished, hunted, raised goats and farmed, and finally, about the year Three Hundred, they secured horses, which they bought from the Goths who stole them from the Romans.

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¶ Their Government was the Folkmoot, the germ of the New England Town Meeting. All the laws were passed by all the people, and in the making of these laws, the women had an equal voice with the men.

¶ When important steps were to be taken where the interests of the whole tribe were at stake, great deference was paid to the opinion of the mothers. For the mother spoke not only for herself, but for her children. The mother was the home maker. The word "wife" means weaver; and this deference to the one member of the family who invented, created, preparing both the food and clothing, is a marked Teutonic instinct. Its survival is seen yet in the sturdy German of the middle class who takes his wife and children with him when he goes to the concert or beer-garden. So has he always taken his family with him on his migrations; whereas the Greeks and the Romans left their women behind.

South America was colonized by Spanish men. And the Indians and Negroes absorbed the haughty grandee, yet preserved the faults and failings of both.

The German who moves to America comes to stay — his family is a part of himself. The Italian comes alone and his intent is to make what he can and return. This is a modified form of conquest.

The Romans who came to Brittany in Cæsar's time were men. Those who remained "took to themselves wives among the daughters of Philistia," as strong men

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ever are wont to do when they seek to govern savage tribes. And note this—instead of raising the savages or barbarians to their level, they sink to theirs. The child takes the status of the mother. The white man who marries an Indian woman becomes an Indian and their children are Indians. With the Negro race the same law holds. ¶ The Teutonic races have conquered the world because they took their women with them on their migrations, mental and physical. ¶ And the moral seems to be this, that the men who progress financially, morally and spiritually, are those who do not leave their women-folk behind.



HEN we think of the English, we usually have in mind the British Isles. But the original England was situated along the southern shore of the Baltic Sea. This was the true Eng-Land, the land of the Engles or Angles. To one side lay Jute-Land, the home of the Jutes. On the other was Saxony, where dwelt the Saxons. ¶ ¶

Jute-Land still lives in Jutland; the land of the Saxons

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is yet so indicated on the map; but Eng-Land was transported bodily a thousand miles, and her original territory became an abandoned farm where barbarians battled ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~

And now behold how England has diffused herself all over the world, with the British Isles as a base of supplies, or a radiating center. Behind this twenty miles of water that separates Calais and Dover she found safety and security, and there her brain and brawn evolved and expanded. So there are now Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Africans, Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Australians, and Anglo-New Zealanders ~~to~~ As the native Indians of America and the Maoris of New Zealand have given way before the onward push and persistence of the English, so likewise did the ancient Britons give way and were absorbed by the Anglo-Saxons, and then the Saxons, being a little too fine for the stern competitor, allowed the Engles to take charge. And as Dutch, Germans, Slavs and Swedes are transformed with the second generation into English-Americans when they come to America, so did the people from Eng-Land fuse Saxons, Norsemen, Jutes, Celts and Britons into one people and fix upon them the indelible stamp of Eng-Land.

Yet it is obvious that the characters of the people of England have been strengthened, modified and refined by contact with the various races she has met, mixed with and absorbed. To influence others is to grow. Had

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England been satisfied to people and hold the British Isles, she would ere this have been outrun and absorbed by Spain or France. To stand still is to retreat. It is the same with men as it is with races. England's Colonies have been her strength. They have given her poise, reserve, ballast—and enough trouble to prevent either revolution, stagnation or introspection.

Nations have their periods of youth, manhood and old age. Whether England is now passing into decline, living her life in her children, the colonies, might be indelicate to ask. Perhaps as Briton, Celt, Jute and Saxon were fused to make that hardy, courageous, restless and sinewy man known as the Englishman, so are the English, the Dutch, the Swede, the German, the Slav, transplanted in America, being fused into a composite man who shall surpass any type that the world has ever seen. In the British Isles, just as in the great cities, mankind gets pot-bound. In the newer lands, the roots strike deep into the soil, and find the sustenance the human plant requires.

Walls keep folks in as well as shutting other folks out. The British Isles, rock-faced and sea-girted, shut out the enemies of England without shutting the English in. A country surrounded by the sea produces sailors, and England's position bred a type of man that made her mistress of the seas. As her drum-taps, greeting the rising sun, girdle the world, so do her light-houses flash "protection to the mariner wherever the hungry

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sea lies in wait along rocky coasts, the round world over. England has sounded the shallows, marked the rocks and reefs, and mapped the coasts.

The first settlement of Saxons in Britain occurred in the year Four Hundred Forty-nine. They did not come as invaders, as did the Romans five hundred years before; their numbers were too few, and their arms too crude to mean menace to the swarthy, black-haired Britons. These fair stranger-folk were welcomed as curiosities and were allowed to settle and make themselves homes. Word was sent back to Saxony and Jute-Land and more settlers came. In a few years came a ship-load of Engles with their women and children, red-haired, freckled, tawny. They tilled the soil with a faith and intelligence such as the Britons never brought to bear, very much as the German settlers follow the pioneers and grow rich where the Mudsock fails. Naturally the fair-haired girls found favor in the sight of the swarthy Britons. Marriages occurred, and a new type of man-child appeared as the months went by. More Engles came. A century passed and the coast, from Kent to the Firth of Forth, was dotted with the farms and homes of the people from the Baltic. There were now occasional protests from the original holders, and fights followed when the Britons retreated before the strangers, or else were very glad to make terms. Victory is a matter of staying-power. The Engles had come to stay.

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But a new enemy now appeared — the Norsemen or Danes. These were sea-nomads who acknowledged no man as master. Rough, bold, laughing at disaster, with no patience to build or dig or plow, they landed but to ravish, steal and lay waste, and then boarded their craft, sailing away, joying in the ruin they had wrought. ¶ The next year they came back. ¶ The industry and the thrift of the Engles made Britain a land of promise, a storehouse where the good things of life could be secured much easier than to create or produce them. ¶ And so now, before this common foe, the Britons, Jutes, Celts, Saxons and Engles united to punish and expel the invaders.

The calamity was a blessing—as most calamities are. From being a dozen little kingdoms, Britain now became one. ¶ A “Cyng” or captain was chosen, an Engle, strong of arm, clear of brain, blue of eye, with long yellow hair. He was a man who commanded respect by his person and by his deeds. His name was Egbert. ¶ King Alfred, or Elfred, was born at Wantage, Berkshire, in the year Eight Hundred Forty-nine. He was the grandson of Egbert, a great man, and the son of Ethelwulf, a man of mediocre qualities. Alfred was shrewd enough to inherit the courage and persistence of his grandfather. Our D. A. R. friends are right, and Mark Twain is wrong—it is really more necessary to have a grandfather than a father.

English civilization begins with Alfred. ¶ If you will

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refer to the dictionary you will find that the word "civilization" simply means to be civil. That is, if you are civilized you are gentle instead of violent—gaining your ends by kindly and persuasive means, instead of through coercion, intimidation and force.

Alfred was the first English gentleman, and let no joker add "and the last." Yet it is needless and quite irrelevant to say that civilized people are not always civil; nor are gentlemen always gentle—so little do words count. Many gentlemen are only gents.

Alfred was civil and gentle. He had been sent to Rome in his boyhood, and this transplantation had done him a world of good. Superior men are always transplanted men—people who do not travel have no perspective. To stay at home means getting pot-bound. You neither search down in the soil for color and perfume nor reach out strong toward the sunshine.

It was only a few years before the time of Alfred that a Christian monk appeared at Edin-Borough, and told the astonished Engles and Saxons of the gentle Jesus, who had been sent to earth by the All-Father to tell men they should love their enemies and be gentle and civil and not violent, and should do unto others as they would be done by. The natural religion of the Great Spirit which the ancient Teutonic people held had much in it that was good, but now they were prepared for something better—they had the hope of a heaven of rest and happiness after death.

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Christianity flourishes best among a downtrodden, poor, subdued and persecuted people. Renan says it is a religion of sorrow ~~to~~ And primitive Christianity — the religion of conduct — is a beautiful and pure doctrine that no sane person ever flouted or scoffed. ~~Q~~ The parents of Alfred, filled with holy zeal, allowed one of the missionary monks to take the boy to Rome. The idea was that he should become a bishop in the church ~~to~~ ~~to~~

Ethelred, the elder brother of Alfred, had succeeded Ethelwulf, his father, as King. The Danes had overrun and ravished the country. For many years these marauding usurpers had fed their armies on the products of the land. And now they had over two-thirds of the country under their control and the fear that they would absolutely subjugate the Anglo-Saxons was imminent. Ethelwulf gave up the struggle in despair and died. Ethelred fell in battle. And as the Greeks of old in their terror cast around for the strongest man they could find to repel the Persian invaders, and picked on the boy Alexander, so did the Anglo-Saxons turn to Alfred, the gentle and silent. He was only twenty-three years old. In build he was slight and slender, but he had given token of his courage for four years, fighting with his brother. He had qualities that were close akin to those of both Alexander and Cæsar. He had a cool, clear and vivid intellect and he had invincible courage. But he surpassed both of the men just named in that

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he had a tender sympathetic heart. ¶ The Danes were over-confident, and had allowed their discipline to relax. Alfred had at first evidently encouraged them in their idea that they had won, for he struck feebly and then withdrew his army to the marshes where the Danish horsemen could not follow.

The Danes went into winter quarters, fat and feasting. Alfred made a definite plan for a campaign, drilled his men, prayed with them and filled their hearts with the one idea that they were going forth to certain victory. And to victory they went. They fell upon the Danes with an impetuosity as unexpected as it was invincible, and before they could get into their armor, or secure their horses, they were in a rout. Every timid Engle and Saxon now took heart—it was the Lord's victory—they were fighting for home—the Danes gave way. This was not all accomplished quite as easily as I am writing it, but difficulties, deprivations and disaster only brought out new resources in Alfred. He was as serenely hopeful as was Washington at Valley Forge, and his soldiers were just as ragged. He too, like Thomas Paine, cried, "These are the times that try men's souls—be grateful for this crisis, for it will give us opportunity to show that we are men." He had aroused his people to a pitch where the Danes would have had to kill them all, or else give way. As they could not kill them they gave way. Napoleon at twenty-six was master of France and had Italy under his heel,

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and so was Alfred at the same age supreme in Britain. He rounded up the enemy, took away their weapons, and then held a revival meeting, asking everybody to come forward to the mourners' bench. There is no proof that he coerced them into Christianity. They were glad to accept it. Alfred seemed to have the persuasive power of the Rev. Dr. Torrey. Guthrum, the Danish King, who had come over to take a personal hand in the looting, was captured, baptised, and then Alfred stood sponsor for him and gave him the name of Ethelstan. He was made a bishop.

This acceptance of Christianity by the leaders of the Danes broke their fierce spirit and peace followed. Alfred told the soldiers to use their horses to plow the fields. The two armies that had fought each other now worked together at road-making and draining the marshes. Some of the Danes fled in their ships, but very many remained and became citizens of the country. The Danish names are still recognizable. Names beginning with the aspirate, say Herbert, Hubert, Hubbard, Hubbs, Henry, Harold, Hancock, are Danish, and are the cause of that beautiful muddling of the "H" that still perplexes the British tongue, the rule governing which is to put it on where it is not needed and leave it off where it is. The Danes called the Engles, "Hengles," and the Engles called a man by the name of Henry, "Enry." It was Alfred who first formed Britain into a whole and made it England.

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The English love of law, system and order dates from Alfred. The patience, kindness, good-cheer and desire for fair play were his, plus. He had poise, equanimity, unfaltering faith and a courage that never grew faint. He was as religious as Cromwell, as firm as Washington, as stubborn as Gladstone.



WITH the rule of Alfred begins the England that we know. As we call Herodotus the father of history, so could we also call Asser, who wrote in the time of Alfred, the father of English history. The oldest English book is the *Life of Alfred* by Asser the monk. That Asser was a dependent on his subject and very much in love with him, doubtless gave a very strong bias to the book. That it is right in the main, although occasionally wrong as to details, is proved by various corroborating records. The king's word in Alfred's time was law, and Alfred proved his modesty by publicly proclaiming that a king was not divine, but only a man, and therefore a king's edicts should be endorsed by the people in Folkmoot.

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Here we get the genesis of popular government, and about the only instance that I can recall where a very strong man acting as a chief ruler renounced a part of his power to the people, of his own accord. Kings usually have to be trimmed, and it is revolution that does the shearing. It is the rule that men do not relinquish power of their own accord — they have to be disannexed from it.

Alfred, however, knew the popular heart — he was very close to the common people. He had slept on the ground with his soldiers, fared at table with the swineherd's family, tilled the soil with the farmer folk. His heart went out to humanity. He did not overrate the average mind, nor did he underrate it. He had faith in mankind, and knew that at the last power was with the people. He did not say, "Vox populi, vox Dei," but he thought it. Therefore he set himself to educating the plain people. He prophesied a day when all grown men would be able to read and write, and when all would have an intelligent, personal interest in the government.

There have been periods in English history when Britain lagged woefully behind, for England has had kings who forgot the rights of mankind, and instead of seeking to serve their people, have battened and fattened upon them. They governed. George III. thought that Alfred was a barbarian, and spoke of him with patronizing pity.

Alfred introduced the system of trial by jury, although

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the fact has been pointed out that he did not originate it. It goes back to the hardy Norsemen who acknowledged no man as master, harking back to a time when there was no law, and to a people whose collective desire was supreme. In fact, it has its origin in "Lynch Law," or the rule of the vigilants. From a village turning loose on an offender, and pulling him limb from limb, a degree of deliberation comes in and a committee of twelve are selected to investigate the deed and report their verdict.

The jury system began with pirates and robbers, but it is no less excellent on that account, and we might add that freedom also began with pirates and robbers, for they were the people who cried, "We acknowledge no man as master."

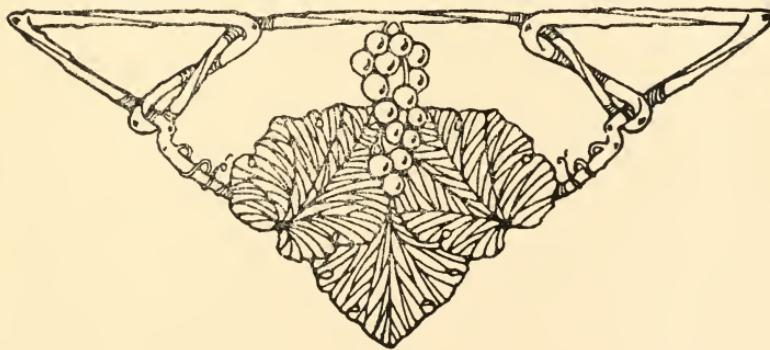
The early Greeks had trials by jury — Socrates was tried by a jury of five hundred citizens.

But let the fact stand that Alfred was the man who first introduced the jury system into England. He had absolute power. He was the sole judge and ruler, but on various occasions he abdicated the throne and said, "I do not feel able to try this man, for as I look into my heart I see that I am prejudiced. Neither will I name men to try him, for in their selection I might also be prejudiced. Therefore let one hundred men be called, and from these let twelve be selected by lot, and they shall listen to the charges and weigh the defense, and their verdict shall be mine."

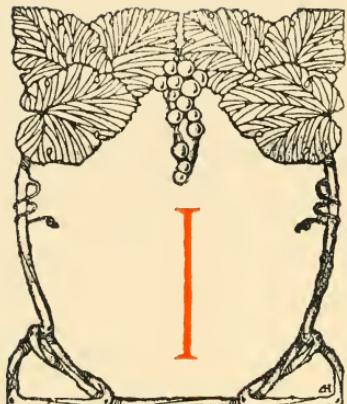
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We sometimes say that English Common Law is built on the Roman Law, but I cannot find that Alfred ever studied the Roman Law, or ever heard of the Justinian Code, or thought it worth while to establish a system of jurisprudence. His government was of the simplest sort. He respected the habits, ways and customs of the common people and these were the Common Law. If the people had a foot-path that was used by the children and their parents and the grandparents, then this path belonged to the people, and Alfred said that even the King could not take it from them.

This deference to the innocent ways, habits and natural rights of the people mark Alfred as supremely great, because a great man is one great in his sympathies. Alfred had the imagination to put himself in the place of the lowly and obscure.



KING ALFRED



N the age of Augustus there was one study that was regarded more important than all others, and this was rhetoric, or the art of the rhetor. The rhetor was a man whose business it was to persuade or convince.

The public forum had its use in the very natural town-meeting, or the powwow of savages. But in Rome it had

developed and been refined to a point where the public had no voice, although the boasted forum still existed. The forum was monopolized by the professional orators hired by this political clique or that.

It was about like the political "forum" in America to-day  

The greatest man in Rome was the man who could put up the greatest talk. So all Roman mammas and matrons had their boys study rhetoric. The father of Seneca had a school of oratory where rich Roman youths were taught to mouth in orotund and gesticulate in curves  He must have been a pretty good teacher for he had two extraordinary sons, one of whom is mentioned in the Bible.

Oratory as an end we now regard as an unworthy art. The first requisite is to feel deeply—to have a message

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—and then if you are a person of fair intelligence and in good health, you'll impress your hearers. But to hire out to impress people with another's theme is to be a pettifogger, and the genus pettifogger has nearly had his day ~~do~~ ~~do~~

History moves in circles. The Chicago Common Council, weary of rhetoric, has recently declined to listen to paid attorneys; but any citizen who speaks for himself and neighbors can come before the Council and state his case ~~do~~ ~~do~~

Chief Justice Fuller has given it as his opinion that there will come a day in America when damage cases will be taken care of by an automatic tribunal, without the help of lawyers. And as a man fills out a request for a money order at the Post-Office so will he file his claim for damages, and it will have attention. The contingent fee will yet be a misdemeanor. Also it will be possible for plain citizens to be able to go before a Court of Equity and be heard without regard to law and precedent and attorneys' quilets and quibbles which so often hamper justice. Justice should be cheap and easy instead of costly and complex.

Evidently the Chief Justice had in mind the usages in the time of King Alfred, when the barrister was an employe of the court, and his business was to get the facts and then explain them to the King in the fewest possible words.

Alfred considered a paid advocate, or even a counselor,

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as without the pale, and such men were never allowed at court. If the barrister accepted a fee from a man suing for justice, he was disbarred.

Finally, however, the practice of feeing in order to renew the zeal of a barrister, grew so that it had to be tolerated, because things we can't suppress we license, and a pocket was placed on each barrister's back between his shoulders where he could not reach it without taking off his gown, and into this pocket clients were allowed to slyly slip such gratuities as they could afford ~~so~~ ~~so~~

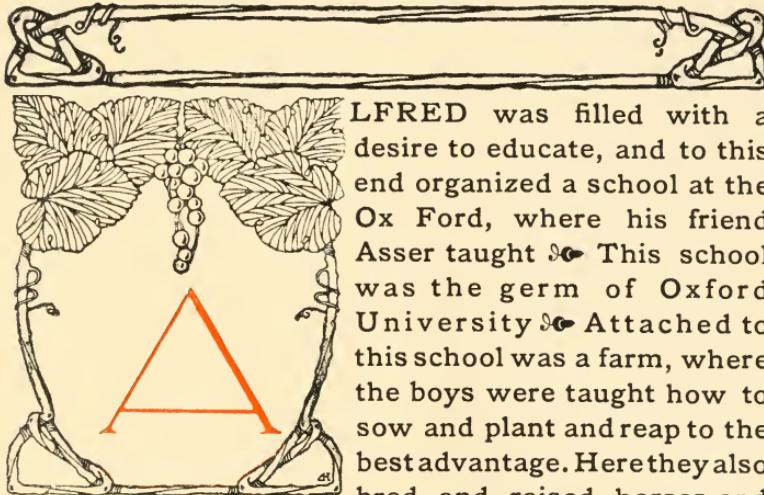
But the general practice of the client paying the barrister, instead of the court, was not adopted for several hundred years later, and then it was regarded as an expeditious move to keep down litigation and punish the client for being fool enough not to settle his own troubles.

In England the rudimentary pocket still survives, like the buttons on the back of a coat which were once used to support the sword belt.

In America we have done away with wigs and gowns for attorneys, but attorneys are still regarded as attaches of the court, even though one half of them, according to Judge DeCourcy of Boston, are engaged most of the time in attempts to bamboozle and befog the judge and jury and defeat the ends of justice. Likewise, we still use the word "Court," signifying the place where lives royalty, even for the dingy office of a country

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J. P. where sawdust spittoons are the bric-a-brac and patent office reports loom large, and justice is dispensed with. We also call the man "the Court."



LFRED was filled with a desire to educate, and to this end organized a school at the Ox Ford, where his friend Asser taught ~~so~~. This school was the germ of Oxford University ~~so~~. Attached to this school was a farm, where the boys were taught how to sow and plant and reap to the best advantage. Herethey also bred and raised horses and cattle, and the care of live stock was a part of the curriculum. It was the first College of Agriculture. ¶ It comes to us as somewhat of a surprise to see how we are now going back to simplicity, and the agricultural college is being given the due and thoughtful consideration which it deserves. Twenty years ago our agricultural college was considered more or less of a joke, but now that which adds greatly to the wealth of the nation and the happiness and well-being of the people, is looked upon as worthy of our support and

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highest respect. ¶ Up to the time of Alfred, England had no navy. For the government to own ships seemed quite preposterous, since the people had come to England to stay, and were not marauders intent on exploitation and conquest, like the Norsemen.

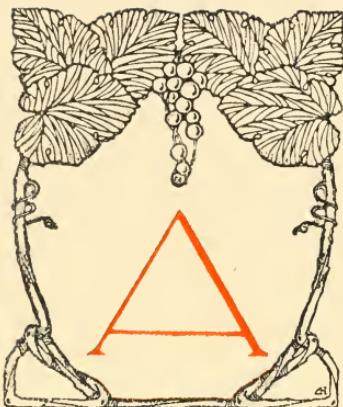
But after Alfred had vanquished the Danes and they had settled down as citizens, he took their ships, refitted them, built more and said, "No more marauders shall land on these shores. If we are threatened we will meet the enemy on the sea."

In a few years along came a fleet of marauding Norse. The English ships on the lookout gave the alarm, and England's navy put out to meet them. The enemy were taken by surprise, and the fate that five hundred years later was to overtake the Spanish Armada, was theirs ☹ ☹

From that time to this, England has had a navy that has gradually grown in power.

Let no one imagine that peace and rest came to Alfred. His life was a battle, for not only did he have to fight the Danes, but he had to struggle with ignorance, stupidity and superstition at home. To lead men out of captivity is a thankless task. They always ask when you take away their superstition, "what are you going to give us in return?" They do not realize that superstition is a disease, and to give another disease in return is not nice, necessary or polite.

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LFRED died, aged fifty-two, worn out with his ceaseless labors of teaching, building, planning, inventing and devising methods and means for the betterment and benefit of his people.

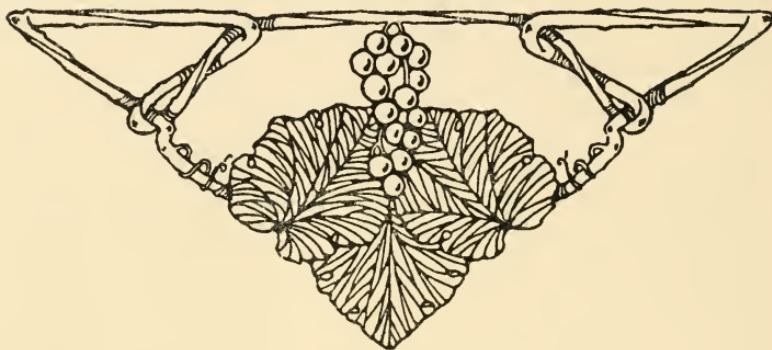
After his death, the Danes were successful, and Canute became King of England. But he was proud to be called an Englishman and declared he was no longer a Dane. ¶ And so England captured him ♠ ♠

Then came the Norman William, claiming the throne by right of succession, and successfully battling for it, but the English people reckoned the Conqueror as of their own blood — their kith and kin — and so he was. He issued an edict forbidding any one to call him or his followers "Norman," "Norse" or "Norsemen" and declared there was a United England. And so he lived and died an Englishman; and after him no ruler, these nine hundred years, has ever sat on the throne of the Engles by right of conquest.

Both Canute and William recognized and prized the worth of Alfred's rule. The virtues of Alfred are the virtues that have made it possible for the Teutonic tribes to girdle the globe. It was Alfred who taught

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the nobility of industry, service, education, patience, loyalty, persistence and the faith and hope that abides. By pen, tongue, and best of all by his life, Alfred taught the truths which we yet hold dear. And by this sign shall ye conquer!



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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes
of Great
Teachers

By Elbert Hubbard



FRIEDRICH FRIEBEL

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Little Journeys for 1908

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

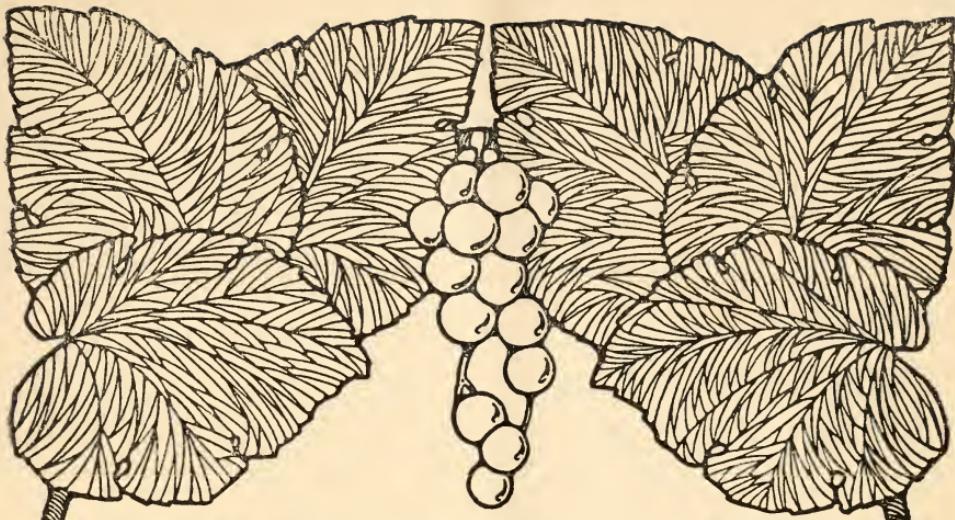
WILL BE TO THE HOMES OF

GREAT TEACHERS

THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

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CONFUCIUS	THOMAS ARNOLD
PYTHAGORAS	ERASMUS
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Teachers

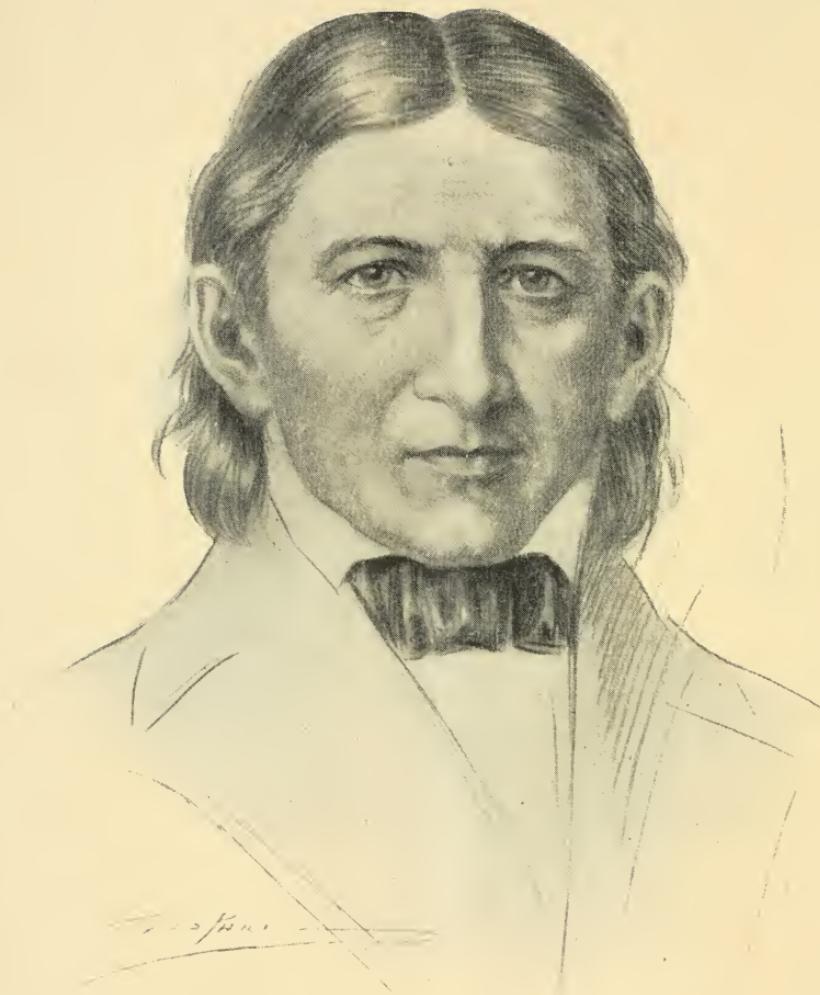
FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into a Printed Book by
The Roycrofters at their
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Aurora, Erie County,
New York
M C M V I I I

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THE purpose of the Kindergarten is to provide the necessary and natural help which poor mothers require, who have to be about their work all day, and must leave their children to themselves. The occupations pursued in the Kindergarten are the following: free play of a child by itself; free play of several children by themselves; associated play under the guidance of a teacher; gymnastic exercises; several sorts of handiwork suited to little children; going for walks; learning music, both instrumental and vocal; learning the repetition of poetry; story-telling; looking at really good pictures; aiding in domestic occupations; gardening.

—FROEBEL.



F R I E D R I C H F R O E B E L

LITTLE JOURNEYS



FRIEDRICH FROEBEL was born in a Thuringian village, April 21st, 1782. His father was pastor of the Lutheran Church. When scarcely a year old his mother died. Ere long a stepmother came to fill her place—but didn't ~~do~~. This stepmother was the kind we read about in the "Six Best Sellers." Her severity, lack of love, and needlessly religious zeal served the future Kindergartener a dark background upon which to paint a joyous picture. Froebel was educated by antithesis. His home was

the type etched so unforgetably by Col. Ed. Howe in his "Story of a Country Town," which isn't bad enough to be one of the Six Best Sellers. At the age of ten, out of pure pity, young Friedrich was rescued from the cuckoo's nest by an uncle who had a big family of his own and love without limit. There was a goodly brood left, so little Friedrich, slim, slender, yellow, pensive and sad, was really never missed. ¶ The uncle brought the boy up to work, but treated him like a human being, answering his questions, even allowing him to have stick horses and little log houses and a garden of his own ~~do~~ ~~do~~.

At fifteen his nature had begun to awaken, and the uncle harkening to the boy's wish, apprenticed him for two years to a forester. The young man's first work was to make a list

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of the trees in a certain tract and approximate their respective ages. The night before his work began he lay awake thinking of the fun he was going to have at the job. In after years he told of this incident in showing that it was absurd to try to divorce work from play.

The two years as forester's apprentice, from fifteen to seventeen, were really better for him than any university could have been. His stepmother's instructions had mostly been in the line of prohibition. From earliest babyhood he had been warned to "look out." When he went on the street it was with a prophecy that he would get run over by a cart, or stolen by the gypsies, or fall off the bridge and be drowned. The idea of danger had been dinged into his ears so that fear had become a part of the fabric of his nature. Even at fifteen, he took pains to get out of the woods before sundown to avoid the bears. At the same time his intellect told him there were no bears there. But the shudder habit was upon him.

Yet by degrees the work in the woods built up his body and he grew to be at home in the forest, both day and night. His duties taught him to observe, to describe, to draw, to investigate, to decide. Then it was transplantation, and perhaps the best of college life consists in taking the youth out of the home environment and supplying him new surroundings.

Forestry in America is a brand-new science. To clear the ground has been our desire, and so to strip, burn and destroy, saving only such logs as appealed to us for "lumber."

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was the desideratum. But now we are seriously considering the matter of tree-planting and tree-preservation, and perhaps it would be well to ask ourselves if two years at forestry, right out-of-doors, in contact with nature, wrestling with the world of wood, rock, plant and living things, would n't be better for the boy than double the time in stuffy dormitories and still more stuffy recitation rooms—listening to stuffy lectures about things that are foreign to life.

I would say that a boy is a savage, but I do not care to give offense to fond mammas. To educate him in the line of his likes, as the race has been educated, seems sensible and right. How would Yellowstone Park answer for a National University, with Captain Jack Crawford, William Muldoon, John Burroughs, John Dewey, Stanley Hall and a mixture of men of these types do for a faculty?

Froebel thought his two years in the forest saved him from consumption, and perhaps from insanity, for it taught him to look out, not in, and to lend a hand. At times he was a little too sentimental, as it was, and a trifle more of morbidity and sensitiveness would have ruined his life, absolutely.

The woods and God's great out-of-doors, gave him balance and ballast, good digestion and sweet sleep o' nights.

The two years past, he went to Jena, where he had an elder brother. This brother was a star scholar, and Friedrich looked up to him as a pleiad of pedagogy. He became a professor in a Jena preparatory school and then practiced medicine, but never had the misfortune to affront public opinion, and so oblivion lured and won him, and took him as her own.

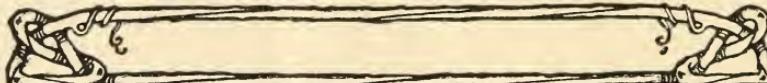
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¶ At Jena poor Froebel did not make head. His preparatory work hadn't prepared him. He floundered in studies too deep for one of his age, then followed some foolish advice, and hired a tutor to fetch him along. Then he fell down, was plucked, got into debt, and also into the "carcer," where he boarded for nine weeks at the expense of the State.

In the carcer he didn't catch up in his studies, quite naturally, and the imprisonment almost broke his health. Had he been in the carcer for dueling, he would have emerged a hero. But debt meant that he neither had money nor friends. When he was given his release, as an economic move, he slipped away between two days and made his way to the Forestry Office, where he applied for a job as laborer. He got it. In a few days he was promoted to chief of apprentices.

¶ Forestry meant a certain knowledge of surveying, and this Froebel soon acquired. Then came map-making, and that was only fun.

From map-making to architecture is but a step, and Froebel quit the woods to work as assistant to an architect at ten pounds a year and found. It was confining work, and a trifle more exacting than he had expected—it required a deal of mathematics, and mathematics was Froebel's short suit. Froebel was disappointed and so was his employer—when something happened. It usually does in books, and in life, always.



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Not skill, nor books, but life itself is the foundation of all education.



GENIUS has its prototype. Before Froebel comes Pestalozzi, the Swiss, who studied theology and law, and then abandoned them both as futile to human evolution, and turned his attention to teaching. Pestalozzi was inspired by Jean Jacques Rousseau, and read his *Emile* religiously. To teach by natural methods and mix work and study, and make both play was his theme. Pestalozzi

believed in teaching out-of-doors, because children are both barbaric and nomadic—they want to go somewhere. His was the Aristotle method, as opposed to those of the closet and the cloister. But he made the mistake of saying that teaching should be taken out of the hands and homes of the clergy, and then the clergy said a few things about him.

Pestalozzi at first met with very meager encouragement. Only poor and ignorant people intrusted their children to his care, and some of the parents were actually paid in money for the services of the children. The thought that the children were getting an education and being useful at the same time was quite beyond their comprehension.

Pestalozzi educated by stealth. At first he took several boys

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and girls of eight, ten or twelve years of age, and had them work with him in his garden. They cared for fowls, looked after the sheep, milked the cows. The master worked with them and as they worked they talked. Going to and from their duties, Pestalozzi would call their attention to the wild birds, and the flowers, plants and weeds. They would draw pictures of things, make collections of leaves and flowers and keep a record of their observations and discoveries. Through keeping these records they learned to read and write and acquired the use of simple mathematics. Things they did not understand they would read about in the books found in the teacher's library. But books were secondary and quite incidental in the scheme of study. When work seemed to become irksome they would all stop and play games. At other times they would sit and just talk about what their work happened to suggest. If the weather was unpleasant, there was a shop where they made hoes and rakes and other tools they needed. They also built bird-houses, and made simple pieces of furniture, so all the pupils, girls and boys, became more or less familiar with carpenter's and blacksmith's tools. They patched their shoes, mended their clothing and at times prepared their own food.

Pestalozzi found that the number of pupils he could look after in this way was not more than ten. But to his own satisfaction, at least, he proved that children taught by his method surpassed those who were given the regular set courses of instruction. His chief difficulties lay in the fact that the home did not co-operate with the school, and that

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there was always a tendency to "return to the blanket." Pestalozzi wrote accounts of his experiments, emphasizing his belief that we should educate through the child's natural activities, and that all growth should be pleasurable. His shibboleth was, "From within out." He thought education was a development and not an acquirement.

One of Pestalozzi's little pamphlets fell into the hands of Friedrich Froebel, architect's assistant, at Frankfort.

Froebel was twenty-two years old, and fate had tossed him around from one thing to another since babyhood. All of his experiences had been of a kind that prepared his mind for the theories that Pestalozzi expressed.

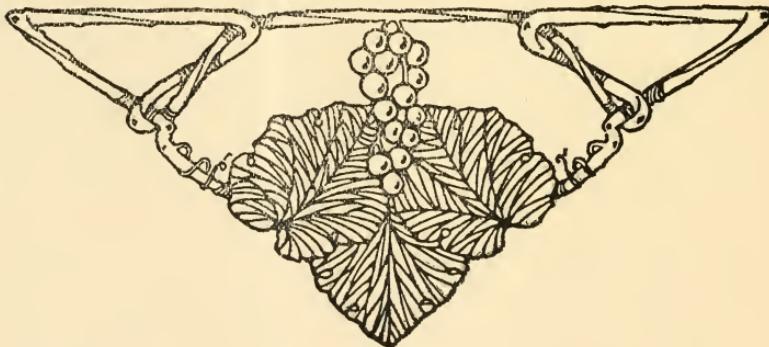
Beside that, architecture had begun to pall upon him ~~as~~ ~~as~~ "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." It was said in derision, but holds a grain of truth. Froebel had a great desire to teach. Now in Frankfort there was a Model School or a school for teachers, of which one Herr Gruner was master. This school was actually carrying out some of the practical methods suggested by Pestalozzi. Quite by accident Gruner and Froebel met. Gruner wanted a teacher who could teach by the Pestalozzi methods. Froebel straightway applied to Herr Gruner for the position. He was accepted as a combination janitor and instructor and worked for his board and ten marks, or two dollars and a half a week.

The good cheer and enthusiasm of Froebel won Gruner's heart. Together they discussed Pestalozzi and his works, read all that he had written, and opened up a correspondence with the great man. This led to an invitation that Froebel should

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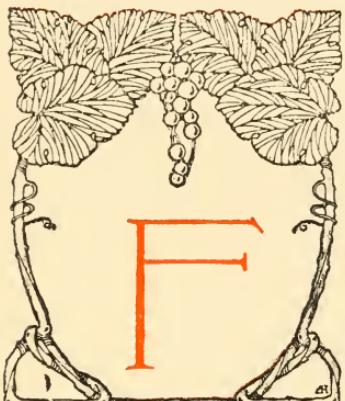
visit him at his farm-school, near Yverdon, in Switzerland. ¶ Gruner supplied Froebel the necessary money to replace his very seedy clothes for something better, and the young man started away. It was a walk of over two hundred miles, but youth and enthusiasm count such a tramp as an enjoyable trifle. Froebel wore his seedy clothes and carried his good ones, and so he appeared before the master spick and span. ¶ Pestalozzi was sixty years old at this time, and his hopes for the "new method" were still high. He had met opposition, ridicule and indifference, and had spent most of his little fortune in the fight, but he was still at it and resolved to die in harness. ¶ Froebel was not disappointed in Pestalozzi, and certainly Pestalozzi was delighted and a bit amused at the earnestness of the young man. Pestalozzi was working in a very economical way, but all the place lacked, Froebel in his imagination made good.

Froebel found much, for he had brought much with him.



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We have to do with the principles of development of human beings, and not with methods of instruction concerning specific things ✎ ✎



ROEBEL returned to Frankfort from his visit to Pestalozzi, full of enthusiasm, and that is the commodity without which no teacher succeeds. Gruner allowed him to gravitate. And soon Froebel's room was the central point of interest for the whole school.

But trouble was ahead for Froebel.

He had no college degrees. His pedagogic pedigree was very short. He hoped to live down his university record, but it followed him. Gruner's school was under government inspection, and the gentlemen with double chins, who came from time to time to look the place over, asked who this enthusiastic young person was, and why had the worthy janitor and ex-forester been so honored by promotion ✎ ✎

In truth, during his life Froebel never quite escaped the taunt that he was not an educated man. That is to say, no college had ever supplied him an alphabetic appendage. He had been a forester, a farmer, an architect, a guardian for boys and a teacher of women, but no institution had ever said officially

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he was fit to teach men. ¶ Gruner tried to explain that there are two kinds of teachers—people who are teachers by nature, and those who have acquired the methods by long study. The first, having little to learn, and a love for the child, with a spontaneous quality of giving their all, succeed best *

But poor Gruner's explanations did not explain.

Then the matter was gently explained to Froebel, and he saw that in order to hold a place as teacher he must acquire a past. "Time will adjust it," he said, and started away on a second visit to Pestalozzi. His plan was to remain with the master long enough so he could secure a certificate of proficiency *

Again Pestalozzi welcomed the young man, and he slipped easily into the household and became both pupil and teacher. His willingness to work—to do the task that lay nearest him—his good nature, his gratitude, won all hearts.

At this time the plan of sending boys to college with a tutor, who was both a companion and a teacher, was in vogue with those who could afford it. It will be remembered that William and Alexander von Humboldt received their early education in this way — going with their tutor from university to university, teacher and pupils entering as special students, getting into the atmosphere of the place, soaking themselves full of it and then going on.

And now behold, through Gruner or Pestalozzi or both, a woman with wealth with three boys to educate applied to Froebel to come over into Macedonia and help her.

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It was in 1807 that Froebel became tutor in the von Holzhausen family. He was twenty-five years old, and this was his first interview with wealth and leisure. That he was hungry enough to appreciate it, need not be emphasized.

He got goodly glimpses of Gottingen, Berlin, and was long enough at Jena to rub the blot off the 'scutcheon. A stay at Weimar, in the Goethe country, completed the four years' course *

The boys had grown to men, and proved their worth in after years, but whether they had gotten as much from the migrations as their teacher is very doubtful. He was ripe for opportunity—they had had a surfeit of it.

Then came war. The order to arms and the rush of students to obey their country's call caught Froebel in the patriotic vortex, and he enlisted with his pupils.

His service was honorable, even if not brilliant, and it had this advantage: the making of two friends, companions in arms, who caught the Pestalozzian fever, and lived out their lives preaching and teaching "the new method."

These men were William Middendorf and Henry Langenthal. This trinity of brothers evolved a bond as beautiful as it is rare in the realm of friendship.

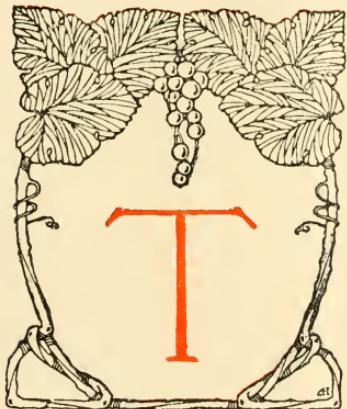
Forty years after their first meeting, Middendorf gave an oration over the dead body of Froebel that lives as a classic, breathing the love and faith that endure. And then Middendorf turned to his work, and dared prison and disgrace by upholding the Kindergarten System and the life and example of his dear, dead friend. The Kindergarten Idea

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would probably have been buried in the grave with Froebel—interred with his bones—were it not for Middendorf and Langenthal *



We grow through the three fundamental principles of human existence—Feeling, Thinking, Doing.



HE first Kindergarten was established in 1836, at Blankenburg, a little village, near Keilhau. Froebel was then fifty-four years old, happily married to a worthy woman who certainly did not hamper his work, even if she did not inspire it. He was childless that all children might call him father.

The years had gone in struggles to found Normal Schools in Germany

after the Pestalozzian and Gruner methods. But disappointment, misunderstanding and stupidity had followed Froebel. The set methods of the clergy, accusations of revolution and heresy, tilts with pious pedants as to the value of dead languages, all combined with his own lack of business shrewdness, had wrecked his various ventures.

Froebel's argument that women were better natural teachers

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than men on account of the mother-instinct, brought forth a retort from a learned monk to the effect that it was indelicate if not sinful for an unmarried female, who was not a nun, to study the natures of children.

Parents with children old enough to go to school would not entrust their darlings with the teaching-experimenter, this on the advice of their pastors.

Middendorf and Langenthal were still with him, partners in the disgrace or failure, for none were willing to give up the fight for education by the natural methods.

A great thought and a great word came to them, all at once —out on the mountain side!

Begin with children before the school age, and call it the Kindergarten! ¶Hurrah! They shouted for joy, and ran down the hill to tell Frau Froebel.

The schools they had started before had been called, “The Institution for Teaching according to the Pestalozzi Method and the Natural Activities of the Child,” “Institution for the Encouragement and Development of the Spontaneous Activities of the Pupil,” and “Friedrich Froebel’s School for the Growth of the Creative Instinct which makes for a Useful Character.”

A school with such names, of course, failed. No one could remember it long enough to send his child there—it meant nothing to the mind not prepared for it. What’s in a name? Everything. Books sell or become dead stock on the name. Commodities the same. Railroads must have a name people are not afraid to pronounce.

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The officers of the law came and asked to see Froebel's license for manufacturing. Others asked as to the nature of his wares, and one dignitary called and asked, "Is Herr Pestalozzi in?" ¶ The Kindergarten! The new name took. The children remembered it. Overworked mothers liked the word and were glad to let the little other-mothers take the children to the Kindergarten, certainly.

Froebel had grown used to disappointments—he was an optimist by nature. He saw the good side of everything, including failure.

He made the best of necessity. And now it was very clear to him that education must begin "a hundred years before the child is born." He would reach the home and the mother through the children. "It will take three generations to prove the truth of the Kindergarten Idea," he said.

And so the songs, the gifts, the games—all had to be invented, defended, tried and tried again. Pestalozzi had a plan for teaching the youth; now a plan had to be devised to teach the child. Love was the keystone, and joy, unselfishness and unswerving faith in the Natural or Divine impulses of humanity crowned the structure.



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Stand far away from the tender blossoms of childhood, and brush not off the flower-dust with your rough fist.



ROEBEL invented the school-ma'am. That is, he discovered the raw product and adapted it. He even coined the word, and it struck the world as being so very funny that we forthwith adopted it and used it as a term of provincial pleasantry and quasi-reproach. The original term used was "school-mother," but when it reached these friendly shores we translated it "school-marm."

Then we tittered, also sneezed.

Froebel died in 1852. His first Kindergarten was not a success until he was nearly sixty years old, but the idea had been perfecting itself in his mind more or less unconsciously for over thirty years.

He had been thinking, writing, working, experimenting all these years on the subject of education, and had become well-nigh discouraged. He had observed that six was the "school age." That is, no child could go to school until he was six years old—then his education began.

But Froebel had been teaching in a country school and boarding 'round, and he had discovered that long before this the child had been learning by observing and playing and that

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these were formative influences, quite as potent as actual school ~~as~~ ~~as~~

In the big families where Froebel boarded he noticed that the older girls took charge of the younger ones. So, often a girl of ten, with dresses to her knees, carried one baby in her arms and two toddled behind her, and this child of ten was really the other-mother. The true mother worked in the fields or toiled at her housework, and the little other-mother took the children out to play and thus amused them while the mother worked ~~as~~ ~~as~~

The desire of Froebel was to educate the race, but what are a few hours in a schoolroom a day with a totally unsympathetic home environment!

To reach and interest the mother in the problem of education was well-nigh impossible. Toil, deprivation, poverty had killed all the romance and enthusiasm in her heart. She was the victim of arrested development, but the little other-mother was a child, impressionable, immature, and she could be taught. The home must co-operate with the school, otherwise all the school can teach will be forgotten in the home. Froebel saw, too, that often the little other-mother was so overworked in the care of her charges that she was taken from school. Beside, the idea was abroad that education was mostly for boys, anyway.

And here Froebel stepped in and proved himself a law-breaker, just as Ben Lindsey was when he inaugurated the juvenile court and waived the entire established legal procedure, even to the omission of swearing his witnesses, and

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believed in the little truant even though he lied. Froebel told the little other-mothers to come to school anyway and bring the babies with them. And then he set to work showing these girls how to amuse, divert and teach the babies. And he used to say the babies taught him.

Some of these half-grown girls showed a rare adaptability as teachers. They combined mother-love and the teaching instinct. Froebel utilized their services in teaching others in order that he might teach them. He saw that the teacher is the one who gets most out of the lessons, and that the true teacher is a learner. These girl teachers he called school-mothers, and thus was evolved the word and the person.

Froebel founded the first normal and model school for the education of women as teachers, and this was less than a hundred years ago.

The years went by and the little mothers had children of their own, and these children were the ones that formed the first actual, genuine kindergarten. Also these were the mothers who formed the first mothers' clubs. And it was the success of these clubs that attracted the attention of the authorities, who could not imagine any other purpose for a club than to hatch a plot against the government.

Anyway, a system which taught that women were just as wise, just as good and just as capable as men—just as well fitted by nature to teach—would upset the clergy. If women can break into the school, they will also break into the church. Moreover, the encouragement of play was atrocious. Mein Gott, or words to that effect, play in a schoolroom!

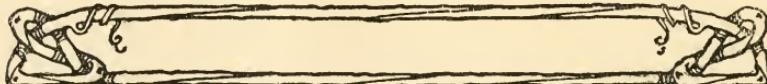
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Why, even a fool would know that that is the one thing that stood in the way of education, the one fly in the pedagogic ointment. If Meinheer Froebel would please invent a way to do away with play in schoolrooms, he would be given a pension *

The idea that children were good by nature was rank heresy. Where does the doctrine of regeneration come in and how about being born again! The natural man is at enmity against God. We are conceived in sin and born in iniquity. The Bible says it again and again. And here comes a man and thinks he knows more than all the priests and scholars who have ever lived, and fills the heads of fool women with the idea that they are born to teach instead of to work in the fields and keep house and wait on men.

Mein Gott in Himmel, the women know too much, already! If this thing keeps on, men will have to get off the face of the earth and women and children will run the world, and do it by means of play. Aha! What does Solomon say? Spare the rod and spoil the child. Aber nicht, say these girls.

This thing has got to stop before Germany becomes the joke of mankind—the cat-o-nine-tails for anybody who uses the word kindergarten!



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God creates through us: we are the instruments of Divinity:
to work in joy is the Divine Will.



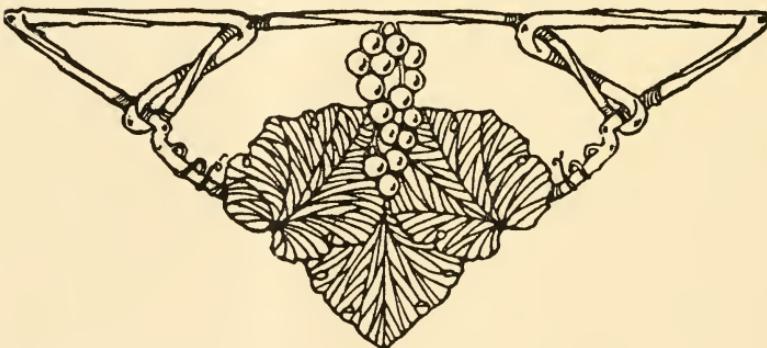
UFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Had the man who uttered these words been given a little encouragement he probably would have inaugurated a child-garden and provided a place and environment where little souls could have bloomed and blossomed. He was by nature a teacher, and his best pupils were women and children. Male men are apt to think they already know and so are immune from ideas.

Jerusalem, nineteen hundred years ago, was about where Berlin was in 1850. In both instances the proud priest and aristocrat-soldier were supreme. And both were quite satisfied with their own mental attainments and educational methods. They were sincere. It was a very similar combination that crucified Jesus to that which placed an interdict on Friedrich Froebel, making the Kindergarten a crime, and causing the speedy death of one of the gentlest, noblest, purest men who has ever blessed this earth.

Froebel was just seventy when he passed out. "His eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated" — he was filled

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with enthusiasm and hope as never before. His ideas were spreading—success, at last, was at the door, he had interested the women and proved the fitness of women to teach—his mothers' clubs were numerous—love was the watch-word. And in the midst of this flowering time, the official order came, without warning, apology or explanation, and from which there was no appeal. The same savagery, chilled with fear, that sent Richard Wagner into exile, crushed the life and broke the heart of Friedrich Froebel. But these names now are the glory and pride of the land that scorned them. Men who govern should be those with a reasonable doubt concerning their own infallibility, and an earnest faith in men, women and children. To teach is better than to rule. We are all children in the Kindergarten of God.





E reached East Aurora at ten o'clock at night and went at once to the Inn. The Inn is something too extensive, both in structure and meaning, for brief description.

It is of Doric and Grecian architecture. The massive door opens into a great, deep, oaken-finished, burlapped hall, rich in Flemish colors, dusky with shadow and restful with the silence of home and of safety. A big wood fire burned upon the hearth, the great logs resting upon huge andirons of the Roycrofters' make. ¶ There are numerous tables, all from the Roycroft Shops, each supplied with Roycroft stationery; great, deep old chairs of hardy oak that was seven years in seasoning, into which you may drop and dream beautiful dreams before the fire while the snow falls noiselessly against the window pane. ¶ Only they do not stop at dreaming, these Roycroft folk. They carry out the thought in work, the skilled work of the hand with a soul behind it. The steps at the end of this Reception hall lead up to rooms which are in themselves an inspiration. On each door cut in the oaken panel is the name of the artist to whom the thought of the

builder is dedicated, William Morris, Beethoven, Emerson, Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, Rembrandt, and all the rest.

Each room, to my mind, seems to typify the artist whose name it bears. There is his picture upon the wall, and a framed motto of some particularly happy thought from his works.

George Eliot's room, for instance, is done in warm, rich reds, with mahogany furniture and woodwork.

¶ Over the fireplace hangs a motto bearing a verse from her one great poem:

O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues.

Every chamber is provided with a guest book where the visitor occupying it is expected, but not asked to register.

The Emerson room is all dainty blue and curly maple—Emerson all through. Rembrandt's is

dusky and dimly suggestive of hidden thoughts and beautiful, strange lights, as in the portrait hanging on the wall.

Each of these rooms, and there are too many to note the half of them, has its own bath, and its own out-of-door sleeping room. These sleeping rooms open off the main bedroom; they hold a bed and rug. The walls about them are of glass, big, broad, glass doors that are removed in summer, so that the occupant is literally sleeping out of doors. In the day they form the most delightful sitting-rooms. ¶ Of course there are groves and flowers, and a beautiful, bountiful nature all about, or the place would be merely as a half painted canvas. ¶ My own room at the Inn was the John Ruskin, which embodies all the symmetry, the inspiration, the delicacy, and the harmony of the author of the "Golden River" and "Sesame and Lilies."

It seemed to me the biggest room I had ever entered, and I felt so very, very small in it, but withal intremendously good company. Crossing the threshold all the cares and fears, and the problems of unrest that had haunted, harassed and made heavy so many hours of life, seemed to drop from me, leaving me to pass, unshackled of grief or tears, into a new, strange chamber of exquisite peace,

where the spirits of love and freedom had made their abiding place.

The floor of my room was of polished oak; the walls were green burlap, and there was no ceiling, save where the great, solid oaken beams crossed and recrossed under the tall, pointed roof's comb. From these beams, suspended by heavy copper chains, a Roycroft lamp hung just above my Roycroft table before my goodly hearth, where a fire of logs was crackling. The lamp was a shade of tempered green art glass, in a wrought-copper setting. Under the shade six electric bulbs were glowing when I entered the room in the dusk of a snowy New York evening. ¶ My windows—there must have been some ten—were draped with green curtains, and my bed, of heavy oak and the quaint Roycroft pattern, was snow-white, and furnished with beautiful dreams.

A Roycroft rag rug lay on my hearth; near it stood a heavy little wooden rocker, that I knew was made especially for me to sit and darn stockings in, and here I was instead trying to train my steps into the paths of art, through the valley of dream-land ✪ ✪

One of the chief incentives to the artistic is the truly exquisite Music Room or Salon of the Inn.

It is a room of some fifty or sixty feet by about thirty, with beautiful alcoves and windows set with glass that reflects like a mirror the exquisite scenes within. Oak, staunch, sturdy, unadorned, everlasting! The floor with never a rug to be seen is like a beautiful picture. The seats are of oak, deep, leather-cushioned, full of luxury. Ceiling, floor and paneled walls are all of oak, until within a few feet of the top, Nature ends and Art begins. The whole story of Art, from its birth to the present day, is illustrated by the brush of a master, in the frieze of the exquisitely, almost ruggedly, simple room. Egypt, Greece, Rome, France, England, America: all are represented. There is a London fog and a Venetian sunset, an Indian wigwam and an Athenian temple. The lights along the ceiling are carefully hooded, and when in full glow bring out the rare coloring with magnificent effect. There is no other adornment in the whole room, unless I except the grand piano, and yet it is brim full. A curtain, a rug, the slightest hint of the flimsy would ruin the artistic dignity of the room. On the door as you enter you find carved this line from Fra Elbertus: "The Love you liberate in your work is the Love you keep."

— Will Allen Dromgoole, in *Nashville Banner*

 ate means
a hot-box

and sand in the
bearings, while
love lubricates all
the affairs of life

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